MATURITY WITH CLASS CHIRON RISING ISSUE 66 $5.95

CR

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DIRTY YOUNG MEN
SURVEY CONFIRMS:
SOMEONE FOR EVERYONE
MOJAVE MADNESS,
CRONUS CRAZINESS

ADULTS ONLY

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CHIRON RISING ™ MAGAZINE
ISSUE 66

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CHIRON RISING Magazine (ISSN 1059-5244) is published bimonthly at Torrance, California, and is available at a yearly subscription rate of $38.00. Editorial offices are located at 4864 Luna, Phelan. The entire contents of *CHIRON RISING* are copyright © 1995 by Patrick H. Colley and may not be reproduced in any manner, either in whole or in part, without written permission from the publisher. All rights reserved. Our lists of subscribers and advertisers are confidential and are not sold or given away. Publication of the name of any person in articles or advertising is not to be construed as any indication of the sexual orientation of such person. Opinions expressed in bylined columns, letters, articles and cartoons are those of the writers and artists and do not necessarily represent the opinions of the CR staff. Unless stated otherwise, all artwork and fiction featured in this publication are created from imagination, and any similarity between characters depicted herein and actual persons is purely coincidental and unintentional. All models are18 years of age or older, and none of the materials contained in this magazine is covered by the Child Protection Restoration and Penalties Enhancement Act of 1990. All correspondence received is considered for discreet publication in our FORUM section unless otherwise requested by the writer. All correspondence should be addressed to *CR*, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393. Although we prefer to conduct business by mail, our telephone and fax numbers are available upon request.

CR IS A CELEBRATION OF THE MATURE MAN IN ALL HIS MANY SIZES, COLORS AND SEXUAL ORIENTATIONS. OUR GOALS ARE TO PUBLISH THE FINEST ADULT ENTERTAINMENT OF INTEREST TO THE MATURE MAN AND HIS MANY ADMIRERS AND TO PROVIDE OUR READERS WITH A CONTACT NETWORK THROUGH WHICH THEY MAY ENRICH THEIR LIVES WITH NEW FRIENDS, LIFEMATES AND A SENSE OF RENEWED DIGNITY AND BELONGING.

MATURE MEN AND INTERGENERATIONAL VIDEOS WITH CLASS

ROB DADEO

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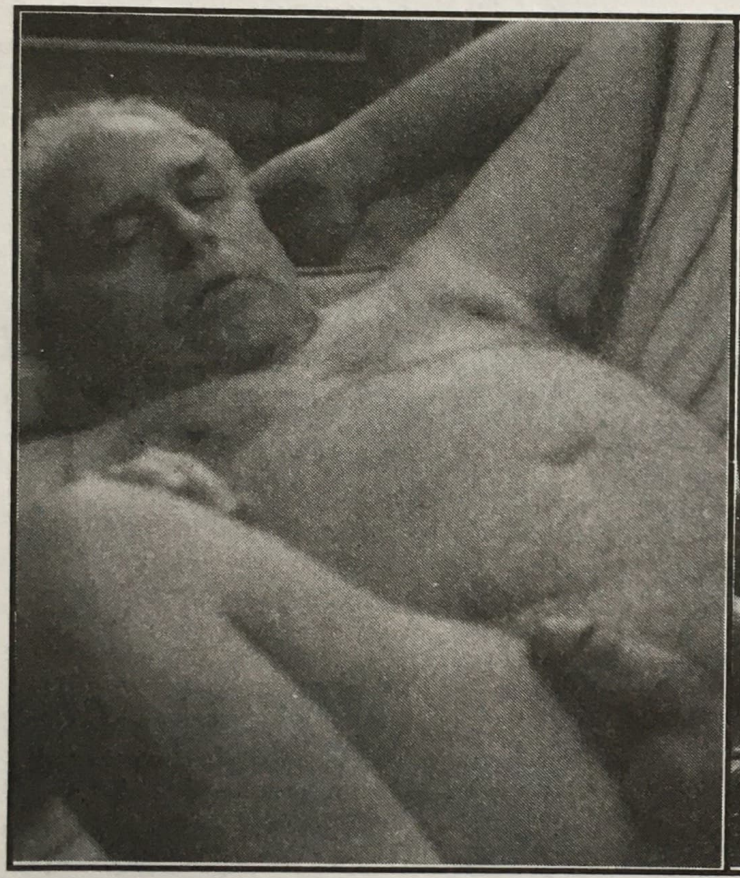

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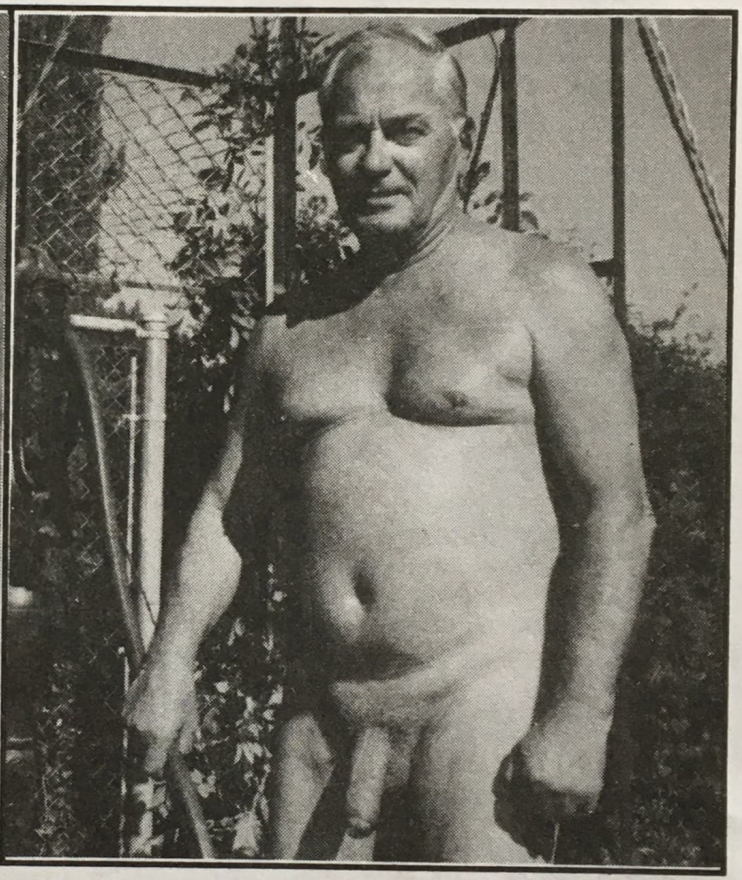

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FORUM

SHOP TILL YOU DROP

I'm really looking forward to the Orlando Gathering. This will be my first. I've made my hotel reservations, but I would accept a roommate if it would help someone financially. In reading the ads of those that want roommates, they ring of sex ads to me. Why are they looking for a roommate to have sex with when they are going to have at least 1,000 men to choose from at the gathering? As for me, I'm going to shop! Two of my closest friends met through your magazine and have attended all the gatherings since. They, of course, will be in Orlando this spring. They are both in their 70s and doing well. Just thought I would pass the word along that CR is there for its readers in many aspects. There's even hope for me! D.H./Arizona

OUR FIRST TWIN C-RISERS

I'm writing on behalf of my brother and myself to congratulate you on a terrific publication. What a treat to be able to gaze upon such hot looking older men. We are identical twins who are attracted to older, big, hairy men, and CR is the most wonderful publication we have ever laid eyes on. Also, some of the older models are the sexiest men we have ever seen. The articles are great and the letters have given us the courage to write in to some of the models in hopes of at least some written contact. We have only "come out" over the last 12 months and thought that the publications or contact services, etc., would cater for those attracted to the young "pretty" types. How wrong could we be! We have a small circle of gay friends in Sydney now—one of whom gave us our first copy of CR and since then we have searched far and wide to obtain more issues. Enclosed, therefore, is our subscription. You now have two devoted disciples. We have enclosed a few photos you may wish to publish; we hope you can use them. Neither of us has a partner at present, and we're attracted to older, hairy men. We are 33, 6'-1", 17 stone and live together in Sydney. AUSSIE I & II

THE GOOD FIGHT

I'm a white male, 63, 6 ft., 180 pounds with silver hair. I lost my significant other in '88 after 31+ years, so I can relate to HAM HOCK's story as told in CR #64. Say to hell with the detractors, and please continue the good fight. We need you. CAROLINA HAMBONE

CHAZAK VE'EMATZ

The last few years have been so difficult for me I was not always sure that I was going to get through them. It was a struggle at all times, but there were moments when I seriously questioned why I was bothering. I still don't have the answer but, obviously, I bothered and I am pleased to tell you that things are better for me now. The financial picture is almost as bleak as it has been, but that black cloud that seemed to follow me everywhere has lightened to a conservative charcoal grey. I have reason to suspect that before long the grey will be closer to pearl and, who knows? One day it may not be there at all. I have had so many odd jobs and so many minimum wage jobs, and the most devastating aspect of them was the total unwillingness to utilize my knowledge and experience, let alone pay me for same. Several weeks ago, however, I started working for a company owned by a young man who looked beyond the wrinkles and at my ability, which he suspected just after talking to me. It will take a bit of time to build a clientele, but I have made enough sales to cover my draw, and he is pleased. I'm positively delirious! For the first time in so long I am being rewarded for being who I am instead of punished. And though it is going to take some time to get on my feet after so long being without a regular income, the potential is there. After a year with the firm, I will have full medical coverage paid by them AND a week's vacation with pay. The last time I had either was fifteen years ago. So while the picture to the casual onlooker might not appear so different, I can see the changes that WILL be, even if for now I can't "spend" those changes. Having said that, I am enclosing *eine kleine Scheck* to repay the $1.67 in postage and the small amount left over toward a subscription for someone in the situation I am climbing out of. It will be a while before I can pay for a subscription, but I hope you will believe and understand (and I believe that you can and do) that the ability to do even this little bit for someone else gives me much more pleasure and satisfaction than if I were to send a check for a fully paid subscription for myself. That will come—either sooner or later—but someone else needs CR now, and I want to be an anonymous part of that *mitzvah*. To go into the concept of *mitzvot* now would take too much time from your hectic schedule, so we'll save it for later. Ask one of your Jewish friends, and he will explain it and, no doubt, far more beautifully than I can. And it should be explained beautifully, because the concept

of *mitzvot* is what drives many of us and demands more than the everyday words which are all I have at my command. The worm has not turned. But I feel him stretching himself, and I just hope that others in my situation will hang in there and keep struggling through the mud of discrimination and disinterest until they reach the dry land of recognition that we, even though old, have worth and value. Regardless of their creed, I would encourage them with the ancient Hebrew rallying cry: *Chazak Ve'ematz* (be strong and of good courage). To the entire CR family I send my best wishes and my humblest gratitude. CHARLES OF THE ROCKIES.

CHARLES will continue to get CR as he valiantly struggles to overcome his difficulties. By the way, we currently have around 20 unassigned gift subscriptions and 5 unassigned gift registrations for Orlando. Never be ashamed to ask for help from your brothers. These gifts are assigned on the honor system, no questions asked. PHC

THE MEMPHIS COMPUTER PORN CONVICTION

You are well advised to warn your readers about what's happening in Memphis (AN URGENT WARNING, page 24, CR #54). The federal government's new tactic of shopping around for locations most likely to produce a stacked, fundamentalist Christian jury is chilling. And this is under Janet Reno's watch! Think of what they'll do when the Gingrich Gang takes over! Granted, prosecutions against standard (as opposed to kiddie and other sicko stuff) video porn producers have been almost non-existent since the Clinton administration took over, and the raids on L.A. porn factories—common during the Reagan and Bush administrations—are rare. But things can quickly swing back to where they were before ... *and beyond*. Let's hope that the Supreme Court finally finds the guts to come up with a legal definition of "obscene," so that it doesn't mean one thing in Memphis and another in New York. We appreciate your warnings. B.P./Birmingham

Granted, the south does have more than its share of fundamentalist Christians, but the facts in the case of the California couple are not being brought out. The sentencing judge, U.S. District Judge Julia Gibbons, was quoted as saying, "Clearly, there was no indication of venue-shopping. I don't believe there are places in this country where this is not likely to be found obscene." Are you aware of the kind of material involved? Thomas (the defendant) himself billed his bulletin board as "the nastiest place on earth." He and his wife didn't traffic in simple porn. They gave all comers a feast of bestiality, torture, defecation, self-mutilation and rape. "Quadraplex" wouldn't remotely be considered for prosecution in Memphis, but I can understand your fear of having it fall into the hands of a minor. You should bear in mind that in obscenity cases, jurors are instructed to apply contemporary community standards to distinguish what is merely pornographic (and protected by the First Amendment) from what is obscene and illegal. "Quadraplex" definitely belongs in the former category. Look at this case in the proper perspective. Memphis is a sophisticated city with a lot of rational, open minded citizens to offset the gloating religious right. Your magazine is on sale in Memphis book stores, as is your video. Perhaps you should reconsider your ban on video shipments to reliable customers in Tennessee. There are fail-safe measures at your disposal. A Memphis Legal Eagle (name withheld).

We're still weighing all our options and awaiting a response to a query directly to the Western Tennessee U.S. Postal Inspector. In the interim, we will ship Mojave to Tennessee VIPs only via restricted delivery (no P.O. Boxes). PHC

QUADRAPLEX and CRC#5

Thank you! Thank you! First for the super-excellent video "Quadraplex." It is simply fantastic! The sequences are wonderful. The first scene with ROB DADEO in white is so sexy. He really is a great actor. And SYRINX is fabulous. I get an erection just thinking about the video. The hardhat and ladder clip is grand. This video just hit the spot exactly! Wish you could put NEVADA GLEN into a video. Wow! Can't wait for him in *CRonus*. The second thank-you is for the extra-super-wonderful CR Classics #5. It's already one of my three favorite CR issues. The photo of MOWER MAN on the inside cover blew me away. I truly admire the photographer BAZZA. I could never have imagined Australian men to be so hot and delicious. And of course there was a reprise of one of my favorite Australian models, TASSIE TIGER. And then the color close-up of BIG EDDIE. Oh my, this issue gave hours and hours of ecstasy and enjoyment. I love and appreciate your work and efforts. T.W./Virginia

The response to "Quadraplex" really surprised us. We knew it was good, but we were concerned about the quality, which is not up to the standards of "Mojave" (but on a par with what you usually get from the other companies). It's still selling well, and we've changed to a much larger distributor. On the heels of "Mojave," we plan to start shooting a third video, entitled "The Gallery." It will prominently feature the entire RAM repertory, and we

will be asking many of our super models to do cameo roles as patrons of the arts who attend a surrealistic, nude art exhibit inside a combination gallery/porn arcade. All equipment will be state-of-the-art, and it will be produced by the same team that did "Mojave." PHC

SILENUS HONEY

I want to tell you how much I enjoy your magazine. Please forward the enclosed letter to SILENUS HONEY. I have been buying CR regularly for the past few years. I get it at Village Books and News here in Buffalo. Though I consider myself heterosexual, I have to admit that I like looking at the nude bodies of mature men. I'm especially fond of men that look like the COLONEL, SILENUS HONEY and BIG PAW. Please continue to publish photos of large-bellied, balding men with long gray beards. Also, see if you can't talk SILENUS HONEY into doing a full nude. M.S./Buffalo

Oh, boy, how I wish I was at liberty to say something here. SILENUS HONEY has recently become quite famous for doing something we can't say doodley squat about. Suffice it to say that he is inordinately talented and is in great demand for the thing he does. PHC

WITNESSING FOR CR

My life story is similar to many I have read about in your FORUM, in that I happened upon CR at a crucial time in my emotional/spiritual development. At the beginning of my "latent minority gender orientation realization process" (age 35), I met JAY, a 70-year-old gentleman from North Carolina. He encouraged me to be less self-judging. He introduced me to CR and said that he was one of your earliest models. CR provided me with great relief by making me realize I'm not the only one in the world who is sexually attracted to mature, stocky, hirsute men. I owe an immeasurable debt of gratitude to JAY, the CR family, and a host of other affirming individuals. All the people who have come out in the past have made it much easier for me to accept myself. At this point I have come out to friends, family, workplace and even church—with overwhelmingly supportive response. I hope and pray my actions will be positive additions to this broadening of societal inclusiveness. My significant other and I have been together 2-1/2 years. AT 52, my partner has been out 15 years, although as a high school teacher he must keep a relatively low profile about his private life. I believe you are accruing lots of good karma points for your trouble. I hope to meet you in person someday, but in the meantime, keep up the good work and remember that for everyone who writes with kudos, there are ten more who agree silently. A.R./West Virginia

JAY and his partner, JOHN WAYNE, have been with us since 1986 and are indeed among our very first models. They've introduced CR to hundreds of men and have racked up some karma points themselves. PHC

A HAPPY VOX

I know you guys have heard this story a thousand times since June, but you're going to hear it one more time. This is coming from someone who was at Orlando, which was a hit. Las Vegas was a megahit. Forget about a few tiny glitches that come with any large gathering. Forget about the hotel and their attempts to shut us down. You guys and your staff put on an event that made a big difference in a lot of people's lives. I feel truly blessed to have been there. I talked to so many people that were overwhelmed by what was taking place. They were aware of minor problems going on but the glorious time they were having far outweighed the minor inconveniences that occurred. I felt as if I were at some big family reunion—seeing many old friends and meeting new ones every day. These events each year have been highly anticipated and well worth the wait. Some people felt that by having as many people as we did, it would lose its intimacy, but that certainly wasn't the case with me or anyone else I talked with. I only hope that we can get to a point where you guys can sit back, relax and enjoy it with everyone else. I know how much you both had to sacrifice to pull this thing off. What a wonderful job you all did. Reading the 1995 schedule really excites me. I like how you listen to everyone's ideas and incorporate them into future events. The Twin Towers really went out of their way to make us feel welcome in 1993. Now to some other good news. As you may remember, when I first signed on with CR I had just lost two lovers within a two-year period. One to a 13-month battle with cancer, and the other to a sudden heart attack as we were walking one day. Words cannot describe the comfort and support CR has been to me since then. It could not have come at a more crucial time in my life. The losses I incurred hurt me very deeply. I needed to know that I was not alone and that someone out there cared—that others had lost their mates and survived to love again. It kept me from isolating myself from the world and kept alive the prospect of loving again. I realized that anything worth having involves taking a risk and making yourself vulnerable. There were rough spots. I would look back on life with my two loves and feel they were the happiest times of my life. Therefore I didn't think I could be happy until I found love again. After blindly plunging into a relationship and getting hurt, I realized that I must find happiness within myself before I could go into

another relationship. Otherwise I would be dependent on that relationship for my happiness. Through the help of C-Risers, I learned to be happy without a mate. CR has sustained me these last 4-1/2 years and given me hope that there is someone out there for me. Well, now I have found that someone. He is a sweet angel from Georgia who has packed up everything to come live with me. He is 66 and has never had this type of love affair with a man, but he's taken to it quite well. I am introducing him to the world of CR, and he loves it. We are totally devoted to one another's happiness but have an open relationship and look forward to meeting new friends in Orlando in 1995. The latest CR Classic was great. DON OF THE NORTHWEST is four stars. Believe me, I know. Just keep plugging along and take care of each other. We all love you very much. VOX/Arkansas

We're very proud of and happy for VOX. He's the kind of person that lights up a room when he enters. When we first met him, we were amazed that such a handsome, charming young man could possess so much spiritual insight and maturity. How grateful we are that CR attracts this caliber of young man. How lucky for our older lovers of younger men that there are a lot more VOXes out there looking for silver-haired angels. PHC

GETTING A ROOMMATE FOR THE GATHERING

I'm starting to get excited about attending the Gathering. I still have to make the hotel reservations, but I intend to do it in the next day or two. I've never attended anything like this before, and I'm somewhat terrified as I'm basically a shy person. I still have hopes of finding someone to share the rest of my life with. I've made tremendous advancements in my personal life in the last few years, despite three minor heart attacks and diabetes. I prefer the younger guys (18-30) and like them stocky. What is the latest date to be able to have you arrange a roommate to share the room? I'm trying to talk my best friend into attending with me, but I don't know when he will decide. S.J./Utah

The final roommate wanted list will be published the first of April in CR #67. For those who find themselves without roommates on the first of May, they should send us their names, addresses, telephone numbers, age and smoking status, and we'll try to match them up. PHC

FINDING THAT PIECE OF THE PUZZLE

As a CR subscriber, reader, contributor and devoted fan, I wish to thank you for sharing with me your wonderful publications that really do celebrate the mature man with real class. I thoroughly enjoy the way you express your ideas and your vision. But more than this, I appreciate your thoughts that reflect the feelings that many of us have had in the past or are now experiencing. You are good representatives of and examples for the *Chiron Rising* Man. Gathering '94 was a wonderful experience. I regret that you had the many problems that you did. For me, every moment was a joy filled with beautiful new friends and with a beautiful new concept of what is important in life. I met COWBOY from Minnesota. He is a wonderful man and your greatest admirer. Too bad he broke his wrists and did not make it to the Gathering. We have become great friends. Such beautiful meetings bring to mind something that I read somewhere, sometime in the past. "Pluto believed that we used to be one four-legged, four-armed creature that the gods separated, leaving protrusions and notches. Each of us searches for the other part to complete our puzzle." If I ever find the other part of my puzzle, it will be through and because of CR. PAHA SAPA STILLMAN/South Dakota

THE GATHERING AGREEMENT

Thank you for the replacement of CR #64. Wherever my missing copy is I can only hope someone is enjoying it as much as I am the replacement. The long hard winter comes on apace in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, and curling up close to my wood burning stove with a copy of CR to enjoy the photographs, the articles and most everything about CR is a "warming experience." I do have to say that I am quite surprised, even taken back, by anyone who has the slightest inclination NOT to take full responsibility for his actions during the convention. If there will be people attending for nothing but the pleasure of sexual encounters, bully for them, but still they must be expected to be respectful and to behave in public. Why should they not be asked to "guarantee" their behavior? I respect myself, and in turn respect others. So doing I find, generally speaking, I therefore get respect in return. Isn't that part of being "adult?" We think of ourselves as mature men, therefore it behooves us to behave as mature men. If I do anything to compromise you or the magazine, I punish not only you but myself as well. No, I'm not willing to do that, nor do I want others to. So keep up the valiant work and know that undoubtedly the great majority of your readers probably feel the same way. Respect is the operative behavior. G.H./Michigan

THE DEVIL MADE ME DO IT

The following letter is from the man who dropped off the infa-

mous note at the registration desk during the first night of the Las Vegas Gathering. See FORUM, CR #63. PHC

I have just discovered I made an extremely large and terrible error during the Las Vegas Convention. I had a nagging back pain, and the long lines during the cocktail party contributed to my feeling that things were not going right. A very dear friend let me read the CR article about what went wrong (THE STIGMA OF THE ORANGE BADGE, CR #63). I was totally in error. I wish to ask your forgiveness for my hasty actions and to ask you to accept my application for the Orlando Gathering. I enclose my check for the gathering fee. I am thankful for my friend who let me read the true facts. I am sincerely regretful and sorry for my poor and hasty judgment. SUMMERSET/Santa Rosa

Everyone is invited, provided they sign the agreement. SUMMERSET will be joining us. PHC

NEVER TOO LATE TO SHIFT GEARS

I will never forget that hot Sunday afternoon. It was the first time I'd ever visited an adult book store. I discovered your CR 63 and hurried back to my hotel room. Now I knew how to cope with my nightmares. It opened the door to a new life. Two years of depression came to an end. I'd lost my wife in November of 1992; we had been married for 42 years. The doctor told me to face reality and not feel sorry for myself. "You're in good health; enjoy yourself and your retirement," he said. Your magazine supplied the spark to snap me out of it. Thank you. Allow me to look at you as a friend. I needed one desperately. I should know better than to waste your precious time to listen to ANOTHER story, but you asked for it. I was born in Germany in 1918. In October of 1939, a British cruiser captured the German passenger liner I was on in Brazil. I was later interned in Canada for 7-1/2 years. In 1947, I was repatriated to Hamburg. In 1950 I immigrated to Canada and married a Canadian girl. We never had any children. I'm 76 now, but I look and feel younger. I'm sexually competent with no problems. I like mature men and always have, but I guess I'm not aggressive enough to find one. You forwarded two letters for me. That is a beginning. I am 5'-7", white hair, blue eyes, 155#, uncut, average size. I'm versatile, sincere, passionate (in spite of the fact that I've rarely had sex with a man since 1955. I travel a lot and have varied interests. Live alone in a 2-bedroom apartment. Thank you for your patience. G.J./Canada

Readers, never think that you're wasting my time. Letters like the one above give me immense joy and keep the fires going. PHC

COMING OUT WITH STYLE

The following form letter was sent out to the writer's close friends and family. PHC

I sincerely hope the holidays were filled with many pleasurable moments for you and your family. With the new year comes a new beginning for me, and I need to share this new beginning with you. With my health ebbing and flowing (hopefully it's more me being a hypochondriac than reality), I find that it is paramount to live *every* day. However, I have a controversial ghost that has held me hostage for over 30 years. That damn ghost haunts me most all the time, making life a lot less joyful than it might be. Approaching my 50th birthday, I think it's time I get a grip and shit-can this damn ghost. Then again, by continuing to harbor this ghost is to keep a part of me in torment. Keeping a significant part of me hidden is deceitful to friends and unfair to myself. The ghost is ... I'm GAY. (Stabbed that sucker right in the heart!) It's definitely time I stopped being ashamed of who I am, for I really believe God made me this way. It's time for me to be "out and proud," with no more lying to myself and to you about my homosexuality. The terror of society's rejection and ostracism kept me closeted and in extreme inner conflict. Living as a heterosexual has provided me with thousands of experiences that I deeply cherish. My children, military service that exposed me to friends and places I would never have known and infinitely more experiences. However, there comes a time, sooner or, for me, later, when I can no longer perpetuate the lie I am living and to accept myself. Yes, I'm the same person you knew. Nothing has changed. I've been out to my children and my mother for almost a year. No, I'm not out to every one. Those I consider close friends are finding out with this letter. While you may have wished to have not known, it is extremely important to me that you know. It's the only way I know to rid myself of the ghost in my closet. Try, try as I might, I could not *cure* myself nor can I be *cured*. From my vantage point I would tell you there is nothing to cure except society's homophobic attitude. I could hide my sexual orientation and did. Now, with this letter I will not have to hide me from you any more. May I now tell you what I think about gays serving openly in the military? D.L./Florida

DANG! AND WE THOUGHT IT WAS HOT!

I wrote to you suggesting the pictures I would prefer to be published. The one with me sitting in a chair with my leg crossed over the other and exposing my cock partially was the best in an

artistic pose. I was hoping you would publish it in color. The one you published in CRC #5 wasn't very complimentary. I would appreciate if you would publish the sitting pose. BUD KLEIN/ Oceanside

Because of the volume of photo submittals, our priorities are: 1) pictures of previously unpublished models, 2) as space is available, second-chance photos for guys who didn't receive a lot of mail the first time, 3) as space is available, shots of those models in great demand. We, not the models, determine which photos are published. PHC

TATTOOS AND PIERCING, ANYONE?

In looking through CR #62, I notice that only one man has an upper-arm tattoo and nobody sports any body jewelry other than finger rings, watches and neck chains. Assumptions make an "ass" out of me, so ... are your readers ... or YOU ... either offended by or prefer not to exhibit body decoration of a more permanent nature? My experience is that some people are fascinated with tattoos and body piercing while others are NOT. Also, I notice most everyone wears short/ shorter hair. Though body modification is definitely NOT the center of my life, when I turned 50, I decided to "redecorate" with five (now just four) piercings and a Northwest Indian Raven tattoo (freely interpreted, I must add). *RavOn* embraces me from behind with his head across my chest (right nipple is incorporated into the eye). His body curves under my right arm, spreading onto the right back, wings spread, to my right knee and across my back to left shoulder. His tail feathers are on my "tail" and down my right leg some. He is mostly filled in black and red with some wood grain and inlays of abalone. Miniature "faces" reside at the wing joints. He needs some touch-up because of fading but is quite spectacular. I love to display it. I have never gone to one of those tattoo conventions, but I got into a "zine" out of San Francisco about three years ago when *RavOn* was little more than an outline. Getting to the point: have you ever had any body modification entries in your publication? I would appreciate your letting me know. Need I bother you with a picture? CR looks like a very nice magazine. I look forward to reading and seeing more. Good luck to you in a very worthwhile venture. W.L./Oregon

Yes, we've featured lots of guys with tattoos and pierced appendages. We look forward to W.L.'s submittal. PHC

WILDERNESS, ANYONE?

You and your partner are doing an excellent job publishing CR. I appreciate the two copies you sent to my box here. My forested homestead is on a primitive road with battery radio and kerosene lamps. I get to Coulee Dam, many miles away, only occasionally. As a free-lance writer (not one of the 200 in the US who are said to make their living writing, although I've had non-fiction books published and articles bringing from 0 to $1,500), I appreciate your poetry, stories, articles, photos, etc., but I can't afford to subscribe to CR—nor would I if wealthy, for I see no probability through your pages of ever meeting the sort of man I'm hoping for as a partner in the wilderness here. I'm sure you have been successful in bringing many mature men together. I have real respect for your work and the thought/dedication/ feeling that goes into it. C.H./ Washington

We know of three wilderness couples who met through CR. PHC

EAGLE

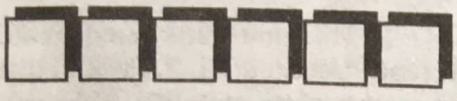
Just had to tell you how much I enjoy your magazine. The CR#65 front cover model EAGLE was a BULL'S EYE! White hair and blue eyes, my big weakness. He personifies your logo, "Maturity With Class." Keep up the good work. I'm not a subscriber, but my local magazine shop carries CR. And as I do not trust my mail man, this works well. Maybe some day I may get up the nerve. N.S./ Washington

IN CLOSING, CR#65

When I saw *SWAN* many years ago, I couldn't believe it. My kind of magazine. Then, of course, CR. Wow! Incredible. Way beyond the sexual aspects of the magazine (very enjoyable, by the way), the deep, beautiful human feelings and experiences shown are immeasurable. It truly touches my soul. Your IN CLOSING, told so beautifully, made me stop. I was so disturbed by both your unhappy situation and by the memories I tried to bury and forget in my family relationships (very, very similar), that I cried openly, unashamed. May you both be happy and healthy forever and ever, or at least one day at a time. My love of 38 years died of a heart attack 4 years ago. Make every day count. Love, T.T./New York

I received quite a few cards and letters of sympathy, and I would like to extend my sincere appreciation. I had no idea that such gestures could give me so much comfort.

I was also gently reminded that #65 wasn't as upbeat as previous issues, and I would like to apologize to our readers. Grief has a funny way of distorting one's perspective. PHC



DIRTY YOUNG MEN
by Joseph Itiel

For most of my life I looked younger than my chronological age. Since I was attracted to guys in their early twenties, I assumed that the objects of my desire were similarly inclined. Therefore, I thought that I was fortunate to be youthful-looking. But, regardless of my youthful looks, a *hunkus americanus* I was not. Laboriously, I plodded through a quarter of a century of gay life. My younger partners gave me good grades for my personality and intelligence and, if I was lucky, a "pass" on my looks and sexiness.

Things started changing for the better around my fifty-fifth birthday. Looking in the mirror, I concluded that my chronological age was catching up with my appearance. But in spite of it, or perhaps because of it, I became more popular with the younger set. One young man referred to me as "cute," another as "sexy." At a party, a twenty-four-year-old man cruised me and said that "older gentlemen are not only smarter but also more attractive than younger men." I started wondering whether my "maturing" would prove to be an advantage in meeting younger partners.

For the first time in my life I designated myself as a "mature man" in a personal ad. Responses poured in by phone and mail. As in all my previous personal ads, I stated that I welcomed "all ethnic groups." I had discovered long ago that unless this is stated clearly, only a few non-Caucasian men will respond to an advertiser who bills himself as a white male.

The response to my "mature man" ad was so overwhelming that I ran more ads in which I referred to myself as "mature" and even a "dad-type." Then I switched my ads from the gay weeklies to general community freebie papers. These papers feature gay and straight ads and can be taken home or to work by a reader without giving away his sexual identity. It is in this context that I discovered a new gay subspecies: the dirty young man. The following three anecdotes will help explain my classification of "dirty young men."

MUSTAFA

One of the early respondents to an ad in a community freebie with a wide circulation in the San Francisco Bay Area was Mustafa from Fremont, California. He described himself as an athletic, 24-year-old South Asian who was looking for "an old gentleman." He included a voice mail phone number.

Since I prefer meeting respondents at home rather than a public place, I interview them quite thoroughly over the phone. I discovered that Mustafa was a husky, tall Pakistani. He was a computer programmer in Silicon Valley, lived with his conservative family, and had had only one gay experience, and that was with a man in his 70s. After many questions on my part I said: "Now ask me anything you want about myself."

"Is your hair white?"

"No, not really."

"Do you have a lot of grey hair, then?"

"Not yet, but I'm working on it. Give me some time."

He was not amused by my answer. "Do you look younger or older than sixty-one?" (My age was stated in the ad.)

"I think I look younger. But most people think they look younger than their real age." My answer seemed to disappoint him. After a few more questions he said: "I don't think that you're old enough for me."

It surprised me that he didn't ask me about any other aspects of myself. There must be more to me, I mused, than my age. From his physical description I, too, had doubts that he would be my type. But, at least, he sounded sane enough to invite over.

Mustafa turned out to be a heavy-set man completely devoid of the boyishness which I find appealing. As he had anticipated, I didn't look old enough to turn him on. Even though he was quite humorless, he was a pleasant enough person. I served him tea and we chatted for a while. "My family is very conservative. We're Moslems, you know, so I have to be very discreet. I don't want any gay friends. All I need is one old American man as a companion."

"I think it would be good for you to become a member of Trikon, a gay organization for South Asians. You'll be able to share your experiences with people who have the same cultural background."

"I've already told you that my family would be very suspicious of any new friends, especially gay ones."

"But they would not be suspicious of a white American more than twice your age?"

We were getting nowhere. I showed him my copy of *Chiron Rising*. "Buy this magazine and place an ad in it, or answer somebody else's ad," I suggested, and explained the mechanics involved.

He liked the magazine, es-

pecially the photos. "Where can I get a copy?"

"On your way back you can pass by the gay bookstore on Castro Street and pick up a copy."

"But I can't go inside a gay bookstore. Suppose someone from work sees me there? You think I am gay. But I am telling you that I just like old men."

What a dirty young man, I thought to myself as he drove off.

MISHA

Mustafa was one of the first respondents. Just recently I met Misha whom I considered a sweet, dirty young man. He responded to an ad in which I described myself as a dad-figure. In his letter he wrote, in quaint English, that he was a 27-year-old European who wanted to meet a much "older man for practice fantasies." When I called him, he was so curt that I decided to meet him on a street corner near Golden Gate Park rather than at home. He turned out to be tall and slim, with long brown hair and blue eyes. His handsome face looked boyish, and he had about him a childlike guilelessness. We took a walk in the park and he spoke to me about himself with amazing candor.

Misha had lived in Moscow until 1989, hounded by the KGB for subversion. It was his "reactionary" poetry which they disliked. After many adventures he, along with his wife, arrived in the United States as political refugees some three years ago. "You must forgive me," he said, "but it is difficult for me to speak from my home because of my wife. Also my English ... not so good. My fantasy: I want to be little boy."

I looked at him hard. He may have had boyish features, but he was a grown up man. "A little boy. How can you be a little boy?"

"This is always big fantasy for me," Misha said. "I like be little boy to my daddy. This is why I shave body completely."

"A good or bad little boy?" I asked. Maybe some residual kink-value could be salvaged out of a fantasy that was of no interest to me.

"Good little boy. Perhaps you like little girl?"

"No, Misha, I don't like little girls," especially when they're big men, I added to myself.

As we talked, I got to like Misha a lot. I admired him for taking the gay plunge after eight years of marriage. He was courageous enough to state his unusual fantasies to a complete stranger. We agreed to meet the next day and perform a one-act play: "Little Misha and his Big Dad." I thought we would be somewhat miscast. I am short and Misha is tall. "I will bring uniform," said Misha.

Well, if he was going to bring a uniform, whatever he meant by that, then it behooved me to prepare myself as well. I bought a box of candies to give to Misha if he proved to be daddy's good little boy.

Misha arrived with a paper bag containing his uniform. He was pretty nervous but right away asked permission to change. He emerged from the bathroom wearing a pair of jeans cut very, very short and a very tight T-shirt. In Europe children wear only short pants and, I assume, this outfit was meant to indicate that he was not yet a grown up.

I am afraid I was a very poor actor. I played an unfamiliar role that was a big bore to me. Of course, Misha, who has had only one gay experience with another man, also didn't know what to do. To Misha's great disappointment, the scene eventually deteriorated into benign vanilla sex, with me clumsily clutching a candy box in one hand. When we were done, Misha's asked: "Can you introduce me to an older man who will like play my fantasy?"

"What sort of older man?"

"Just old guy who likes fantasy is OK."

Poor little Misha! What a sweet dirty young man.

WENDELL

This time I answered an ad. It read: "Asian man, 31, would like to meet a white male 60+. I like you older men with your wrinkles, warts and all." I wrote to the advertiser that I did, indeed, have wrinkles, but no warts.

He called me, and a strange conversation ensued. "It's only the second time that I place an ad like this," he said. "To tell you the truth, I like young women. I've lots of girl friends."

"Well," I said, "You're going to be disappointed in me. I don't look anything like a young woman."

"Oh, that's OK. I have had the urge for quite a while to be with an older man. I finally decided to act out the urge." After a bit more chitchat we set up a dinner date at a Thai restaurant.

The advertiser's name was Wendell, a rather plain-looking, Chinese-American engineer. His looks may not have been spectacular, but he had a very keen mind and a good sense of humor. He made a pleasant dinner companion.

I invited him home. "So," I said, "as you can see, I have my share of wrinkles but am wart-free. I think I do look like an elderly gentleman. I have never tried it, but I don't think I would look very attractive as a woman."

Wendell smiled. "To be honest with you," he said, "I take advantage of the older gays who answer my ads. After I see them, once only, I go right back to my girlfriends. But I have this need, every now and then, to be dominated by a man ... an older man. You're a very nice guy. But when it is over, I am going back to my girlfriends. I am really straight."

Was I in the mood to be taken advantage of by an allegedly straight guy? True, he was not the handsomest of Asians, and a gym membership would have been a

very good investment on his part. But I was really interested in seeing how he would interact in a gay situation. And besides, how does the saying go? "A willing straight in the bedroom is better than ten gays in the bar."

There was a great urgency and passion and even clinging to his love making. Had I not known better, I would have mistaken him for a gay. When we finished, we lay on the bed embracing each other.

"This was such a nice experience, Joseph," he said kissing me tenderly. "You know, don't you, that I'll never see you again?"

"Wendell, you're such a bright fellow. Why don't you just do what you want to do? You're free to see whomever you want whenever it pleases you."

"No, I am not. I don't want to turn gay. I don't even know why I want to be with an older man. I don't want to have an older friend, just an old man for a sex-partner every now and then. This way I only do it when the urge is too strong to resist!"

I never saw Wendell again.

Through my ads in the general community papers I have met a lot of young guys who like older men. By and large they are fairly closeted and unfamiliar with the gay community. Most of them want to relate to another human being who is older than they. They make refreshing companions because of their inexperience. The few who want only the grey hair, the wrinkles and the parched skin of a senior citizen to satisfy their sexual fantasies deserve to be called dirty young men.

In this article I have only pointed out a gay subspecies. Far be it from me to criticize or judge the dirty young men. Young lassies or lads, when confronted by a dirty old man, have a tough time of it. Mature old folks who are being used as sex objects by these dirty young men can take it in stride!

Joseph Itiel lives in San Francisco. He is a hypnotherapist and an author. His latest work Pura Vida: A Gay and Lesbian Guide to Costa Rica *was published in 1993 by Orchid Press.*

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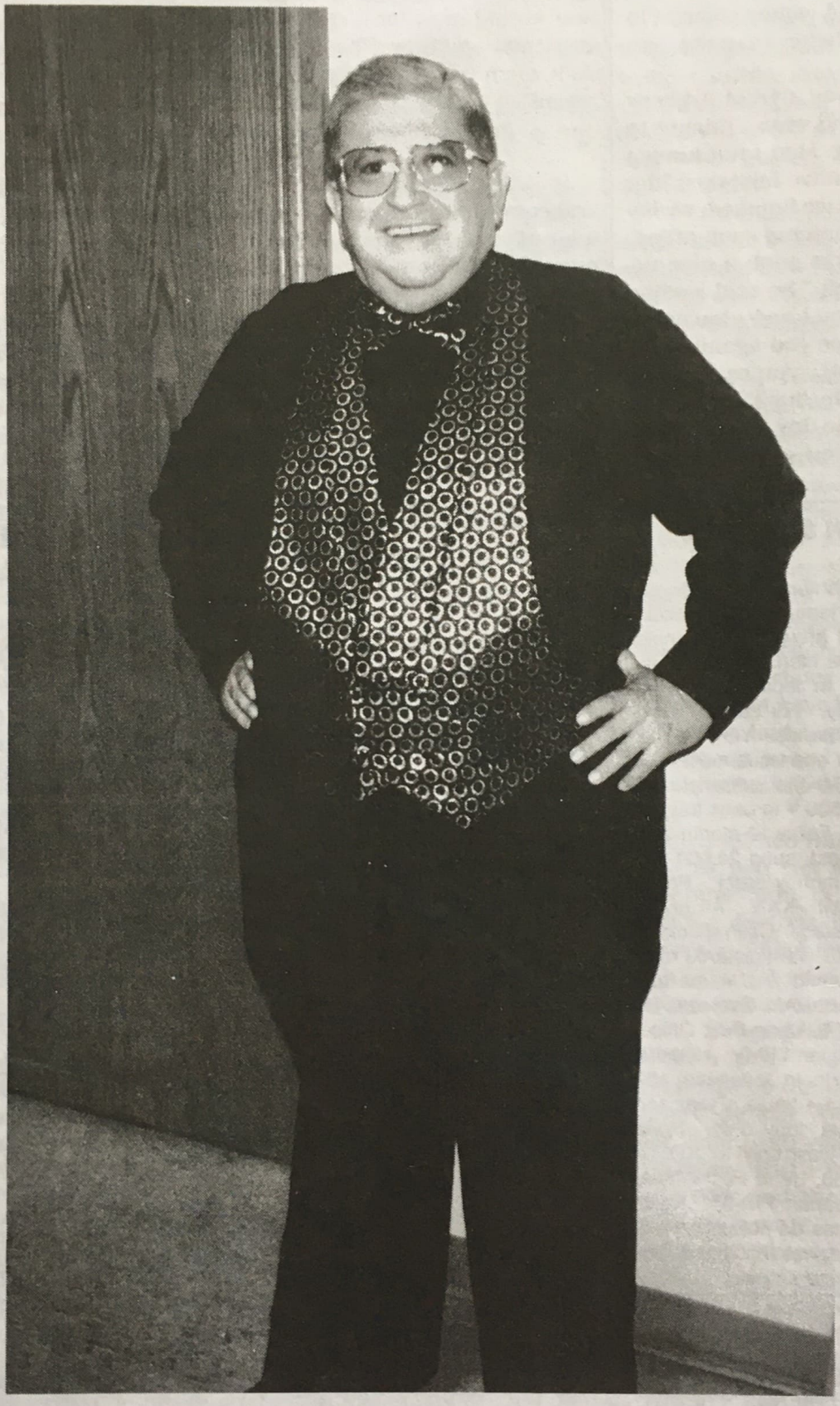

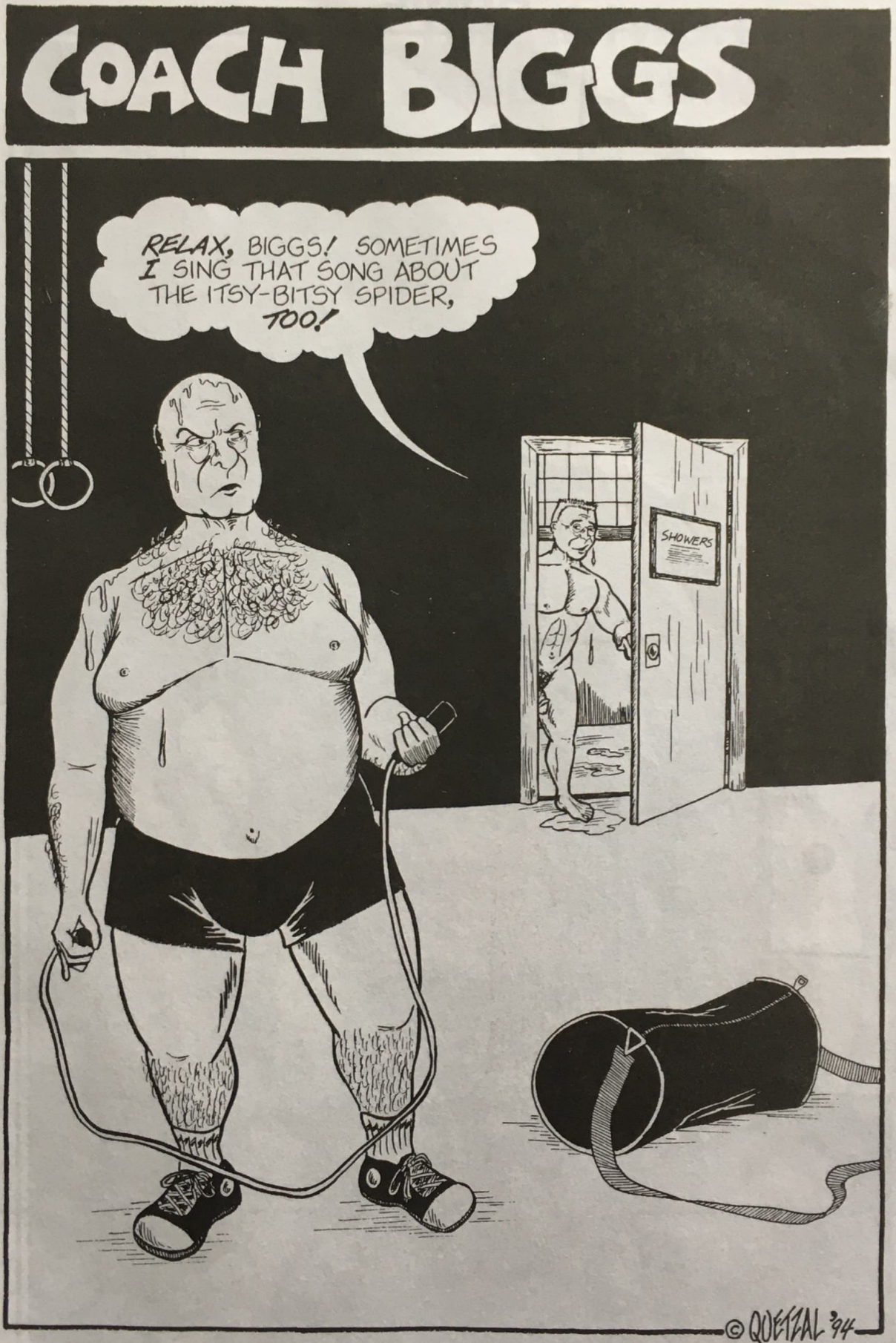
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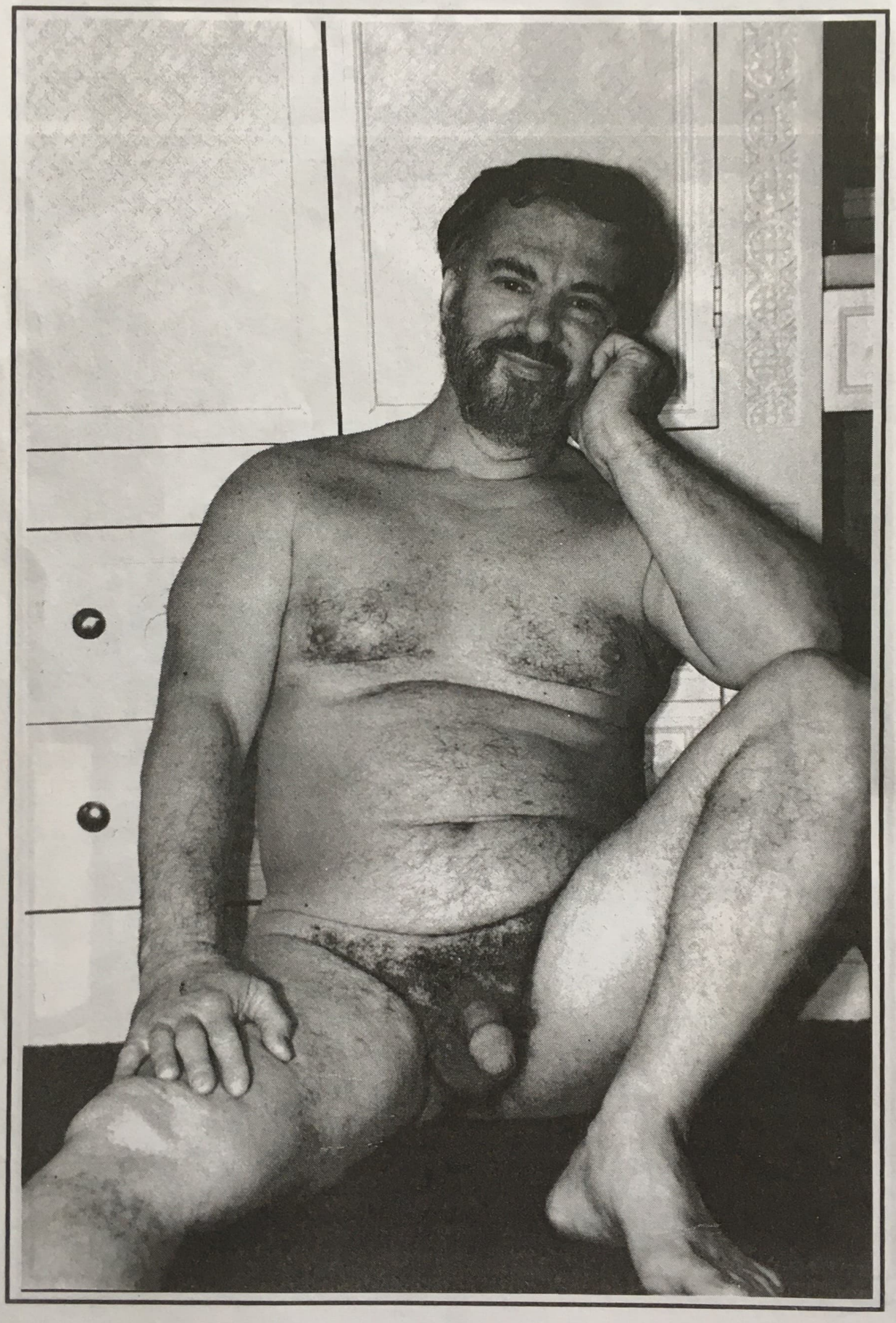

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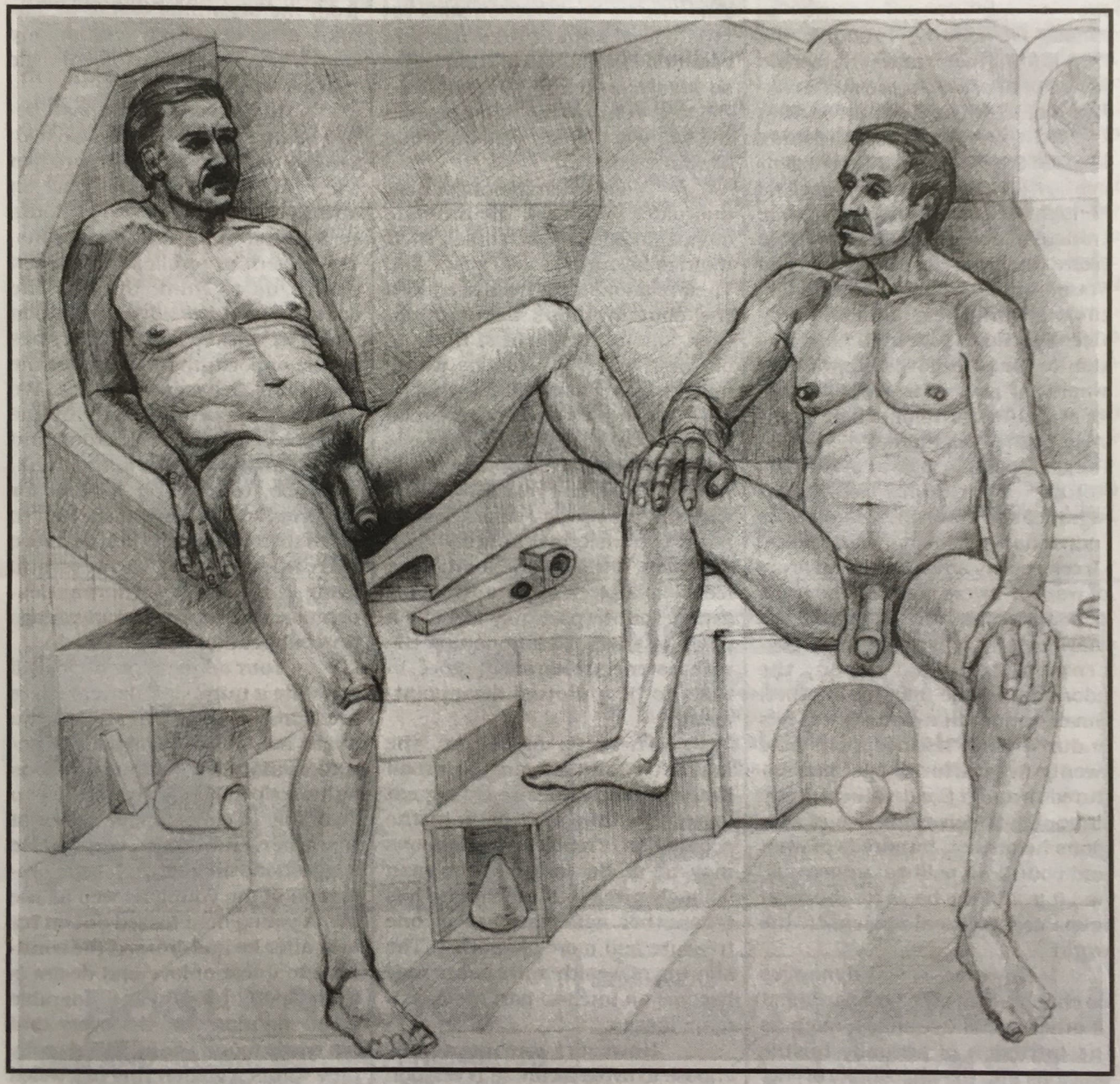

Reading Between His Lines
by Damon de Winters

Romantic liaisons between youth and age have run through the fabric of civilization, as common among Oriental cultures as among Occidental. Probably the best known to us, however, are the lovers of ancient Greece since civilization, as we know it, arose from the Attic Greeks. The Athenians idolized Love between different generations of men: the principal element of social nurture was the transference of love and knowledge from an older Greek man to a younger, and instruction into virtue was the highest reward a young Greek could expect from his devotion to his elder lover. Rewards of wealth or power for sexual favors were assumed to diminish the grandeur of their relationship.

Social approval gives personal experiences a larger significance than the essences of individuals in isolation can realize. Greek society advanced as an army of warrior-lovers assailed the walls of political chaos to carve from the marble of esteem a system of government founded upon the adoration of one man for another. Small wonder that that system has endured since its inception some twenty-five centuries ago; has endured through the deaths of many nations, sixteen centuries of religious holocaust, hundreds of wars and countless political upheavals, and it is still the basis for the most respected political system in the world.

However, social dynamics do change. From the bombardment of other social dynamics, such as the intrusion of sexually hostile religions into the philosophy of government, has come the destruction of the original political genesis. Only the dead and brittle bones of the once living, vibrant organism remain. Transgenerational liaisons between men which were the origin of democratic politics have been expunged from democracy. Consequently, there is no societal guidance for the direction such relationships should take nor any common expectation of what those so involved should contribute to the well-being of the other beyond the vaguely defined verisimilitude of character.

Today when a younger man and older man seek the intimate companionship of each other, their motives fall under social suspicion. Their relationship is dismissed with the contemptuous assumption, even among themselves, that the old man will buy what he wants and the young man will sell what he has. Sometimes such commercial liaisons enjoy a limited success. The older man feels secure in his power to transform gold into beauty, whereas the young man enjoys his power to transform beauty into gold. Too often, however, the young man feels like a piece of meat while his senior counterpart may feel like a piece of silver. Relationships rife with festering resentment prove, in time, to be a mutual disappointment.

There is, of course, the middle ground. Given the broad range of human desire for a great variety of things, a path to the acquisition of material possessions may be made easier if one man willingly gives part of what he has to another who has less of one treasure and more of another. The sharing of wealth and beauty may become an integral part of an intimate liaison.

However, one man may choose to avoid a candid revelation of his commercial interest. Let us assume he is the youth who, consequently, creates a relationship tainted by some degree of deception. If his intentions are to reveal his motives gradually and to win through seduction the material things he wants, the older man should be aware of his intentions from the beginning before he has allowed to develop a relationship from which he only can disentangle himself with difficulty.

In the very recent past, before such magazines as CR existed, seniors and interested juniors met each other for the most part on streets at dim and deserted hours or in alleys dark and dangerous. The advent of publications which enable us to think through the complexity of the adventure upon which we are about to embark gives us the opportunity to discover the man lying between the lines. We gain that opportunity only by the practice of astute observation and careful analysis. If we fail to think, to probe, to explore, to look for patterns, to ask questions, and to listen to his answers, then we move as recklessly as if we were still living in the time of ignorant desperation, and we lose the advantage this publication has provided.

Your ad most probably will generate a number of letters. Here are some logical questions you might ask yourself about the actual content of communications written specifically to entice you favorably to consider the suitor at the other end of the pen. These suggestions are offered for the protection of the young as well as the old. A young man tossed out on his own after he has crossed the continent in quest of love and desire is as disappointed and as vulnerable as an old man who discovers that his newly found young friend really only wants a golden ring bejeweled with a blue moon.

First, take your time. Know thyself and get to know thy lover! He usually will voluntarily tell you what he has accomplished in life. Ambition is reflected in achieve-

ments, and he most likely will be independent if he brought to fruition a number of worthy projects. Dependency is revealed by his lack of self assertion and by smaller goals. You should write many letters and exchange as much information about each other as you can conceive. The more you know about each other, the greater the probability that your relationship will be successful. In the development of an enduring intimate relationship, it is impossible to know too much. The down side, of course, is loss of interest. If you take too long to commit to him, he may choose to focus his attentions elsewhere. Therefore, keep him interested. You might consider the use of an intense query to expedite your understanding.

Explore his fantasies. Present him with various scenarios and ask him to respond to them. Put him in imaginary places with imaginary powers and weigh his responses. From your several different correspondents you should be able to discern the emergence of different patterns within the various responses. Select those patterns which balance your own needs. If you intend to enter into a long term commitment, you should be comfortable with the terms of that commitment. Your best chance of success is to be honest with your lover and your self. "To thine own self be true. Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Be honest with him and with yourself. Aristotle observed that the cause of our loving anything is greater than the thing itself. Beware of your projections. We all have a tendency to "read into" what he says what we want to find, and even when he honestly tells you what he truly wants, you may substitute your wants for his. Take time. He is worth the investment and so are you. If you are honest, he will sense your appreciation of the truth and probably will respond in kind. Unexpected, one-sided commercial romances are not the only pitfalls we face. What we seek is compatibility. What we "look for" may be much different. The pursuit of beauty, alone, presents no less a risk than does the pursuit of gold, alone.

Damon de Winters, founder and director of Mentors and Protégés facilitates the establishment and preservation of relationships between adult men of different ages. He has expanded his service for the readers and participants of this and similar publications which exist to promote transgenerational liaisons. Mr. de Winters has studied and practiced dream analysis and the commonality of symbolic thought the principles of which he applies to the interpretation of homosexual sexual fantasies. He holds a degree in psychology and has written numerous articles for periodicals which support the "gay cause."

For more information about his service and a free copy of either the booklet, 'Mind Matching' or, 'Disrobing His Fantasies,' you may write to Damon de Winters, PO Box 11202, Eugene, OR 97440.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS, NEWS ITEMS, AND OTHER REVELATIONS

PRICE INCREASES EFFECTIVE FEBRUARY 15TH

No, not for the magazines. We won't be passing the U.S. Postal Service's outrageous increase and our printer's paper price increase on to our readers, nor will we be cutting back on quality in any way. On the contrary, the quality of our new video "Mojave" has so exceeded our expectations (as well as the costs associated therewith), that we have decided it is worth much more than $49.95. (The unison gasping of our video editor and distributor upon hearing the original price gave us a hint.) Therefore, effective February 15th, "Mojave" will increase to $59.95. If you would like to beat the increase and take advantage of the lower price, your order must be postmarked no later than 2/15/95. All other pricing remains the same.

WELCOME TO THE THIRD WORLD

Fewer Americans are making fun of foreign mail service any more, because the old USPS seems to be lapsing into chaos. This year saw a 200% rise in C-Riser reported non-receipt of magazines. Of course, some of the magazines eventually find their way to the right destination after we've sent a replacement. But by that time, the reader doesn't know he's got two copies and couldn't care less if we're out a $6 sale. Many envelopes do make it back to us months later, erroneously marked "Addressee Unknown" or "Moved - Left No Forwarding Address." Still others finally make it to the addressee minus contents, or mangled. Theft among postal workers is rampant, especially when the envelope is plain brown with just a return address. Such simplicity invariably means "naughty goodies inside" to horny male postal workers. Unfortunately, most readers hold us completely responsible for the safe delivery of their magazines, and very few offer to reimburse us for replacements. This will all change, however, especially in light of the price increases for postage and paper and the mounting number of lost pieces of mail. Our mass mailings are computerized and fail-safe. There is no doubt that they were mailed. Therefore, readers will henceforth be required to pay for replacements unless there is an element of doubt. And of course, when there is doubt, the customer gets the benefit of same.

DOUBLE ZIPPER

Model ZIPPER underwent his second open heart surgery on December 12th. The surgery lasted eight hours, and doctors implanted five bypasses while tying off three of the previous grafted vessels. The week prior to the surgery at St. Bernardine's in San Bernardino, ZIPPER's arterial blockage was measured at 87%, and he was taking up to three nitro tablets per hour. Doctors couldn't understand how he was able to breathe, let alone walk. I went to the ICU on the 14th hoping I could pass myself off as a relative, but he had already been transferred to a private room. Although he thought he was on Venus and had a slight arrhythmia and upset stomach, he managed to crack me up with his wit and amaze me with his excellent color. Even his metal-stapled chest looked unbruised. He was discharged after a hospital stay of only one week and is recuperating nicely at home in Desert Hot Springs. We all hope he gets back up to speed soon.

ANOTHER SURVEY

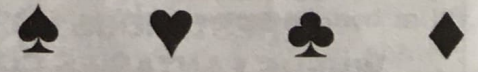
The results of our latest survey are very interesting. Of those C-Risers renewing their subscriptions over the past two issues, almost 400 responded to the questionnaire at the bottom of the renewal form. We found that 4% are under 35, 15% are 35-45, 54% are 46-65, and 27% are over 65. There was a fairly even distribution of body sizes (trim, average, stocky, portly). We discovered that 66% are single, 21% are in open relationships, and 13% are in closed relationships. Of course, all the men under 45 liked older men, and average to stocky builds were the most preferred. Those 46+ were pretty evenly split among age and body size preferences. The study essentially confirms our assumption that CR very much provides something for everyone.

THE VIP CONNECTION

We haven't been too forthcoming about benefits extended to our customers with a "V" on their mailing labels. Many of you who are CR VIPs have experienced some of the benefits already, but there are still quite a few who are scratching their heads and wondering when they're going to be treated special. The VIP designation identifies subscribers who have supported us for over three years and/or have generously provided free subscriptions or gathering registrations for those who are less affluent. It also internally identifies certain non-subscribers who have purchased over $200 worth of mail order merchandise or registered for at least two spring gatherings. Of course, ALL customers are good customers and deserving of our best service. But long-term support should be rewarded also. Therefore, effective February 1,1995, VIPs will be extended a 10% discount on the purchase of:

1. Our new annual magazine, *CRonus*.
2. All new classified advertising.
3. Future books, videos, and gatherings.

If you are in doubt about your status, send us a stamped, self-addressed card, and we will advise you.



HOW?

ALL YOUR LITTLE NAGGING QUESTIONS ABOUT CR ARE ANSWERED RIGHT HERE.

HOW TO DECIPHER THE CODE ON YOUR ADDRESS LABEL

The date shown (8/95, 11/95, etc.) indicates when your last issue will arrive. An "S" signifies that you will automatically receive all interim CR CLASSIFIED issues until your subscription expires. A "V" (VIP) reveals that you are a long-time supporter and someone we especially value. Being a VIP has its advantages. An asterisk means that you owe us money; a "C", that you have a credit due. Disregard any other notations.

HOW MANY PRODUCTS DO WE SELL?

MAGAZINES:

Chiron Rising - a mildly erotic relationship oriented publication featuring fiction, essays, reviews, poetry, photography, artwork and personal ads.

CR Classics - a soft core erotic publication featuring fiction, photography and artwork.

CRonus - a hard core erotic publication featuring photography and artwork. (Available 3/1/95)

ADULT VIDEOS:

"Quadraplex", starring ROB DADEO and SYRINX

"Mojave", starring HERMAN THE GERMAN, ZEEK, and SYRINX

"The Gallery," featuring RAM's entire repertory and some of our super models.(Coming this spring.)

BOOKS:

Quincunx ... a collection of short fiction by P.H. Colley.

HOW DID WE GET THAT FUNNY NAME?

CHIRON RISING is named after a comet called "Chiron," which has an orbit near that of Pluto. Astrologers don't agree on the significance of the placement of this celestial body in a natal chart, but the astrological community has seen fit to chart its movement. Bruce and I both have Chiron smack on our rising signs in our natal charts. In other words, we both have **Chiron ... rising**.

HOW OFTEN DO WE PUBLISH AND SHIP?

CR - Around the first of each even month. Subscribers can expect their issues to arrive sometime between the first and the tenth of the month. Book stores should have CR on their shelves by the second or third week of the month. Those book stores serviced by wholesalers may take longer. *CR CLASSICS* - Around the first of May and the first of November. Mailing and shipping intervals are the same as above.

HOW TO BECOME A CR MODEL

If you are 18 or over and want to become a CR model, send us a sharply focused, well-contrasted 35 mm color or black & white photo of yourself. Can't find a good photo? Then get a good photographer to take some shots. If you want us to publish a clothed portrait, go to a professional photographer. Please don't send Polaroids, sex shots with obvious penetration, photos with half your head or penis missing, or portraits of yourself standing 100 feet away. Avoid high-noon bright sunlight (it shadows your eyes) and straight-on flashes (they project dark shadows on the wall behind you). If we accept your photo for publication, we will send you a release form. You can then tell us what code name you'd like to use and write out your biographical sketch for publication. If you want your photo returned, send us a stamped return envelope (Foreign: IRC or $1 cash) AFTER it is published. Photos must be cropped in most cases to fit in the allotted space, so please don't send your last print. DO NOT SUBMIT PHOTOS WHICH ARE SIMILAR TO OR ACTUALLY THOSE BEING CONSIDERED FOR PUBLICATION IN ANOTHER MAGAZINE. DO NOT SUBMIT PHOTOS WHICH HAVE ALREADY BEEN PUBLISHED ELSEWHERE.

HOW TO BECOME A SWAN VIDEO MODEL

I'f you're a real sizzler who isn't shy in front of a video camera and can handle stardom, send us some photos. C-Risers, any age, any size, any color. Couples still in the throes of wild passion are especially of interest. Liberal compensation, plus expenses.

HOW TO WRITE TO CR MODELS, WRITERS, ETC.

Follow the instructions for answering a coded ad in the CR CLASSIFIEDS. Write, seal and stamp your fan letter, then write in pencil (NOT INK, BUT PENCIL) the name of the contributor in the center of the envelope. Place that envelope inside a slightly larger envelope and send it to us for forwarding. Remember, some contributors get hundreds of letters, so be patient. If you want unsolicited photos returned, don't send them without a self-addressed, stamped envelope (SASE).

HOW TO SUBMIT MATERIAL FOR PUBLICATION

If you have never been published in CR and would like to submit fiction or nonfiction, please carefully study what we publish and provide an outline or synopsis of the work you wish us to consider. Note that we do not publish routine porn fiction like most other alternative magazines. We seek unique material, erotic and otherwise, with strong, vivid characterizations. If we invite you to submit your material for consideration, it must be highly polished and absolutely the best you can do.

GRAY'S GAY SUNSET

by RALPH KELLEY

❄❄❄❄❄❄❄❄❄❄❄

During World War II, I completed my seminary training and was ordained. I decided not to take a congregation in the Midwest because of some personal issues which I thought might cause serious problems for the average protestant church. So I signed up for the military and received a commission in a chaplain's office at a medical facility near Boston. It turned out to be "hell".

For a very proper, clean-cut, white, Anglo-Saxon protestant from rural Indiana, the sights, sounds and smells were overwhelming. The ships brought an endless line of maimed and wounded men into our Navy Yard facility, where we processed them to be sent to other hospitals around the country. For example, those with missing limbs were sent to Battle Creek, Michigan. It seemed that none had control of his bowels or bladder. Those conditions, plus the smell of the stuff they used on the floor to keep them sanitary, kept me feeling nauseated. To all this, add the smell of the unwashed bodies, and I had real problems.

The chaplain, an older captain, considered himself to be the boss because I was only a first lieutenant. It was obvious from the beginning that because of his vocabulary, he would never be able to have a congregation in the Midwest. He had his own theory of how I could handle my situation. Usually, he had that one stock answer for the problems of man, and I winced every time he repeated it.

"Quite frankly," he would proclaim, "what you need is a good fuck regularly from a sweet-smelling woman. You need a good fuck once a week from a woman who is not too tight or too big. That's why you have to get out and try them on for size. When you find the right size, marry her so you can get a good fuck regularly. You can't stay in good health unless you get it regularly. You gotta get *fucked*!" He was not married but boasted of his experience, and he would discuss at great length female anatomy.

In some ways, but with different words of course, I experienced the same attitude at seminary. All the jobs listed were for married clergyman, implying all others need not apply. The dean of men at the seminary kept saying that I should get married before people started talking and thinking that I had a problem. Likewise, my single status had been a family problem; my three older brothers kept after me to get married. My brother Jim, who considered himself to be the head of the family, was afraid that I might become "abnormal" if I didn't get married. He was always trying to arrange something for me with some woman. He was determined that his little brother should be married.

I thought I had made it clear that I didn't want to be married. I had an interest in love of a different sort, but I was afraid to be rebellious. And yet, I was angry because I hadn't asked to be the way I am.

It was January, 1943, and I was troubled. Even in a big city like Boston, I couldn't find the answers. I hated the word *homo*, and I kept asking, "Why me?"

One night while working in the ward, the sound of crying caught my attention. The man crying kept asking for "George". In the semi-darkness, I went up to his bed and touched him to calm him. He thought I was George. The things he said made me realize that he was in love with this person, and it made me feel good to be with him. He was a handsome blond man, and I guess I wanted to be George for a moment. I noticed that his nose was running and he was badly stuffed up. I wiped his nose with a facial tissue and helped him blow it. He seemed to appreciate it very much. I stood awhile and just made little comforting statements. Shortly, he went to sleep, but before I left, I looked down at him and thought that I would certainly love to be George. How wonderful that would be.

The next morning I checked on him and found that his cold had worsened. He would definitely be going to Battle Creek. I didn't know then whether he had lost both legs, but it was easy to see that he had lost one. One hand appeared to be gone and there was a bad wound on his left side. I managed to get back to see him several times during the day. The next morning, his chart said "Pneumonia"; the following day he was removed from the "flow" because he was too sick to be moved. It gave me a kind of pleasure to know that he would remain.

By the seventh day of his stay, he realized that I was not his George, and he wanted to know more about his condition. He asked me to pull back his sheet to see if his penis and testicles were in good condition—he wanted to know if they had been blown away. I pulled back the sheet and informed him that everything seemed to be fine. He thanked me, but he had no way of knowing what the sight had done to me. I left very quietly after that.

I will not get caught loving a man or getting too friendly, I promised myself. *They are patients, not friends!*

The next day, I did go back, and he asked that I go through his belongings to see if I could find George's address. I found the address and a telephone number. Rather than writing George, I telephoned him. He was happy to know that Tom was back on Ameri-

can soil. When I told Tom, the expression on his face made an abrupt change, and he needed to talk about George.

George was the band director at Tom's high school. Tom had a real affection for this handsome, big man, who had a great singing voice and played the guitar. Once, Tom made a pass at his teacher, but George said he'd never touch a student. The summer after they graduated from high school, Tom and his brother went camping in the upper part of Michigan in an area of many small lakes, forests and campgrounds. Most of the time, you could be the only one in the county campground. Tom and his brother were exploring the area when they thought they saw George's camping trailer. They stalked the area, and sure enough, spotted George approaching his camp. Later, while George was out fishing, the boys moved their tent and put it up in sight of George's. Returning with a large catch of fish, George saw the boys in the next camp and invited them to join him for a fish dinner. He said he was surprised and pleased that he had some company.

That evening, George, dressed only in a light bath robe, started off to take a shower. He took with him his ever-present guitar. Tom gave him a good head start, and then, dressed only in a pair of thin shorts, he started out after him. George wasn't taking a shower, so Tom went down to the lake to look for him and thought he saw him swimming out in the moonlight. Dropping his shorts, he entered the water, but as he got closer, and with the moon a little higher, he decided that what he had seen was a turtle or something like that. He turned back, and there standing on the end of the small dock was a tall and apparently naked man. It was George. When Tom reached the shore, he had a full erection and saw that George did too. Tom began to shake, so George put his big arms around him to warm him. Under a sky filled with stars, they stretched out on the dock. Tom was overwhelmed by the loving he received.

George's love making was slow and steady. He asked Tom to follow along and do likewise. Tom found it marvelous and was overjoyed to be making love to George's penis with his tongue while George did the same to him. They seemed to be in no hurry, but Tom was beginning to get anxious. He was about to explode at any moment, but he didn't want to spoil things for George. Finally, he lost control and had his orgasm, full and strong. George erupted immediately after.

They took a quick dip to wash off, then huddled together for warmth. After awhile, George picked up his guitar, and as the two sat naked in the moonlight, George sang love songs softly to the ecstatic young man.

Suddenly, I became aware that everyone in the ward was listening intently. The next morning, I received a note from the self-appointed boss that he wanted to see me. He accused me of turning the place into the "homo ward", then he went through his usual tirade that I needed to learn how to fuck a woman. He suggested that I take a week off, and I was only too glad to do so.

Before I left, I went to see Tom, whose condition had worsened. The doctor said he was not responding to medication. As I turned to leave, I saw a tall gray-haired man coming toward the ward. Somehow, I knew it was George. I pointed to Tom's bed and he hurried toward it.

As I left for my week's vacation, I was given a package of twenty-four condoms, a generous supply of lubricant, and books to give me all the information I might need. One book showed sexual diseases and how to avoid them. They had even arranged for me to meet some of the orderlies in town who would show me around Boston. I avoided meeting with the orderlies, although there was one I would have enjoyed having in bed with me for a weekend.

When I returned from the week's break, the transformation in Tom was impressive. He had sparkling eyes, a big smile and great skin color. I realized that the presence of a loved one certainly can make a big difference in helping one recover.

That night in my quarters, I thought of the man back home who had first seduced me. He was an older man who had a bookstore in my home town. It wasn't something that he had done without my cooperation. I was more than willing, and we had a great relationship for several years. It might have worked out but for the fact that I found religion and thought we should end our relationship. Thinking about him, I decided to call him and talk over the good times we had.

I called and he seemed very friendly, so we arranged to get together over the holidays. I felt overjoyed at the thought of climbing into bed with him again.

But my joy was short-lived. He had called my brother Jim and told him that I had suggested an immoral meeting. The next weekend, my three brothers were at my door with a woman named Thelma. I had dated her all through high school for many events such as the prom. I couldn't believe she would be a party to what was intended, but she said she had always wanted to be the wife of a minister and she had always wanted to go to bed with me. Before my brothers would leave, I had to go to bed with Thelma. Either I did or *they* would and then say the baby was mine. There was a lot of screaming and yelling, swearing and kicking. I made every effort to get away. Thelma thought it was very exciting even though I called her everything from a slut to a whore. Eventually, I gave in and agreed to have intercourse with her twice. I agreed to marry her if she became pregnant.

By 1982, I was the father of

four married children, all with college degrees. I had, I thought, made the best of a bad situation. I had tried to keep busy and not think about what might have been. I tried to keep a focus outside myself, but health problems arose. Thelma kept saying that she didn't want to spend her time taking care of a sick old man. She had become very much interested in her own problems. She had, in my estimation, become a barracuda on women's rights. So, after forty-three years, we divorced. She moved to Washington D.C. to be in the center of the fight for feminist causes. She was convinced that women were used by men. She said all too often that if it hadn't been for her I would have been in jail instead of a pulpit.

In 1984, I had to retire early because of poor health and moved into an apartment. My older brothers were either dead or too old to do much, and now I was, for the most part, ignored by my family—free!

One day, I noticed that a nice young man was moving into the apartment across the hall. That evening, he and some of his friends who had helped him move had a little party. I heard guitar playing and the singing of someone with a very pleasant voice. A few days later, I met the young man in the hallway and commented about how much I enjoyed the music. As it turned out, my new neighbor was not only the player but the singer as well. He was more friendly than I imagined he would be. Amazingly he wanted to come right over and bring his guitar. At first, I didn't get the drift of his friendliness, but then, it suddenly hit me that he was really trying to seduce me. I was shocked that someone would even think of doing such a thing with a sixty-five-year-old retired minister. Then, I thought, *You jerk, if he wants to be friendly, let him be as friendly as he wants to be.*

I didn't know what to do or how to do it. I tried to figure out a way so that he would find me sort of "over exposed", but that didn't seem to work.

One evening when he came in and we were visiting in a very proper but boring way, I told him that I'd had an allergic reaction to some of my medicine, and my back had broken out in a very itchy rash. I told him I'd been miserable all day. Of course, he wanted to see it, and he helped me pull up the back of my shirt. He didn't find any rash, but he rubbed my back a little; I smiled sweetly and told him it felt very good. He said he had a nice body powder and cream, and went to get them. He was back quickly, bringing along his guitar. He suggested that maybe I'd like to disrobe so he could use the cream and give me a really good back rub.

While getting out of my clothing, I began to get an erection and quickly reached for a bath robe. Before I got into the robe, he was by my side and saw what was happening. His touch was sweet and exciting. He started to remove his clothing, and I was finding it difficult to breathe. When he was naked, he reached out and took me in his arms and kissed me. I thought it was the most beautiful thing that had ever happened to me. I was almost overcome.

And then, the doorbell rang! It rang twice, then there were knocks on the door! I felt robbed of the most beautiful moment of my life. Reluctantly I answered the door and found that It was my neighbor Ruth, who always checked up on me to see if I was all right. I assured her I was fine, then she saw my visitor.

"Oh," she said, "You've become acquainted with *him*. I thought ministers were more discriminating."

I felt my face flush. "Ruth," I said, "I'm on social security now, and I can't be fired from that. So if I wish, I'm going to sin incessantly. I don't know what you mean that I should be more careful in selecting my friends, but I'll be my own boss now. So go on home and don't bother me tonight!"

She looked as though I had stabbed her, so I added, "I'll take you to lunch tomorrow and tell you all about it." She was gone in a flash, and I returned to my young man of thirty-five.

I really had been a very sick person, but the young man's attention made my life so much better. Six days after that first wonderful encounter, I didn't spend one night alone again. My health improved rapidly, but I always had to have nitroglycerine around for my heart. It became our standard joke. I would leave the nitro pills on the pillow and then we would start our "Happy Moment". At some point, he would say, "Open up!" and I'd open my mouth and he'd drop a nitro pill in. Then, he'd call out, "We're going home to glory, brother!" And we did! We usually finished off orally, but whichever way, it was so great and exciting that I really appreciated the nitro pill.

The next morning, I was startled when Ruth asked, "Did you go home to glory last night?"

"What?!"

"Walls are thin. Aren't you glad you have a friend on the other side of the wall?"

It embarrassed me to know that she could hear. We decided the next time we made love to spread a comforter in the middle of the living room floor, far away from any shared walls. When we tried making love there, we got completely carried away and knocked over a large floor lamp. It went down with a very loud crash. The big glass reflecting bowl at the top shattered very loudly and the light bulb exploded with a flash of electricity and a sound which penetrated every niche and cranny of the apartment building. It sounded like a high caliber gun shot. Ruth was pounding on the door almost immediately. She thought I had been shot. I thought I was going to have a heart attack. Later, we decided to finish our lovemaking in bed. Let Ruth listen if she wanted.

We figured she'd have an orgasm when we did, so why worry about offending her?

She never let on about our relationship to my children, and the days and nights went by happily. It was nice to have him come home to me from work. I always had supper ready, and we spent the evenings together. Later, I was enveloped in his big arms, warm and happy all night. But, before we climbed into bed, we always said out loud, "Good night, Ruth." She always answered back by tapping discreetly on the wall in a lady-like fashion.

I cherished my new love. I had waited so long to have the kind of love I wanted. I no longer resented Thelma, or my brothers, or the church, or the "boss" chaplain, because they made this moment seem so much more wonderful. I knew what I had, and I let the young man know constantly that I loved him. His name was George. He was a music teacher. He was not the George who belonged to Tom, he was *my* George.

Most of my married love life was spent in having Thelma work me up to get half-hearted erections, but now, who needs help? Just get the bottle of nitroglycerine pills ... a bottle of oxygen would be great too ... get the other heart medicines, get your clothes off and get into bed...

"And we're bound for glory" ... me, my lover, and the lady in the next apartment who listens intently.

RALPH KELLEY is a retired school teacher in his 70s. Nine years ago, on the verge of death, he met lifemate Bob, 51, and his life miraculously turned around.

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Note: We are very selective as to publications where we advertise; and our strictly confidential member lists are never sold or distributed.

DON'T LOOK BACK: A MEMOIR

by Patrick O'Connor

In New York City, an editor's life can be both charmed and cursed: hobnobbing with the literati one day, out of a job the next. Through good and bad encounters, stories emerge. This collection of tales from Patrick O'Connor's career chronicles the hilarious and the poignant in a straightforward, humorous style.

Throughout the book, very well-known names are dropped: William Paley, Boris Karloff, John Simon—O'Connor's editorial eye is unblinking. For lovers of the literary life, *Don't Look Back* will be required reading.

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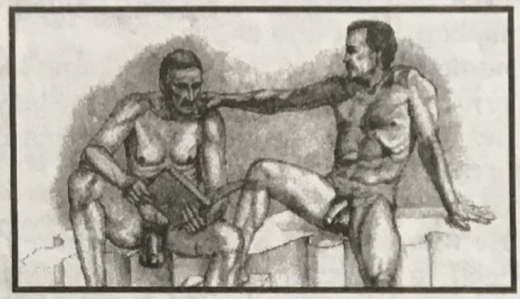

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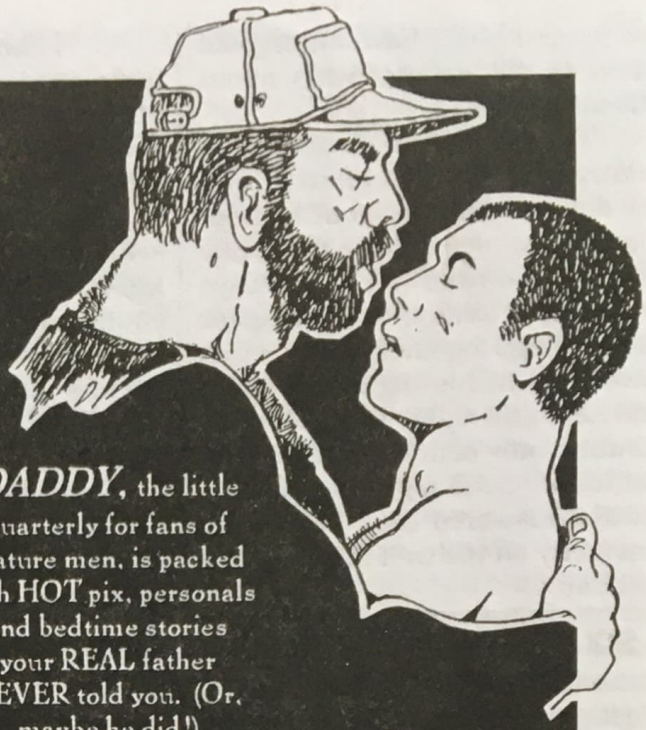

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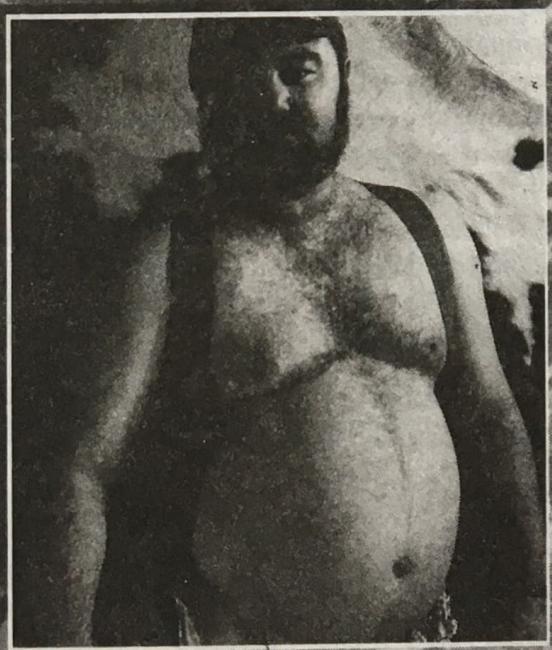

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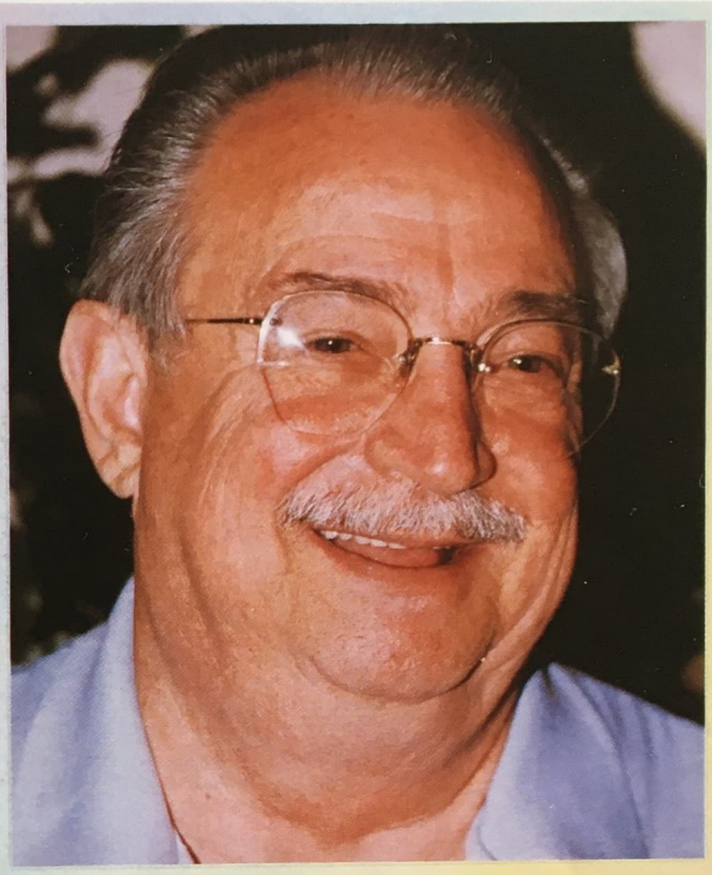

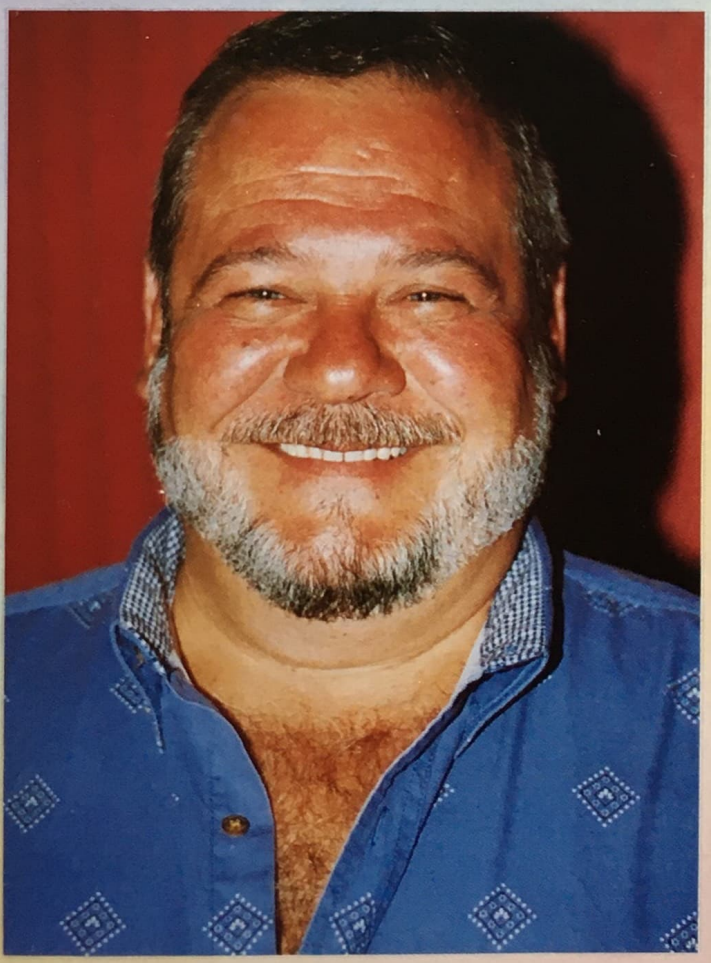

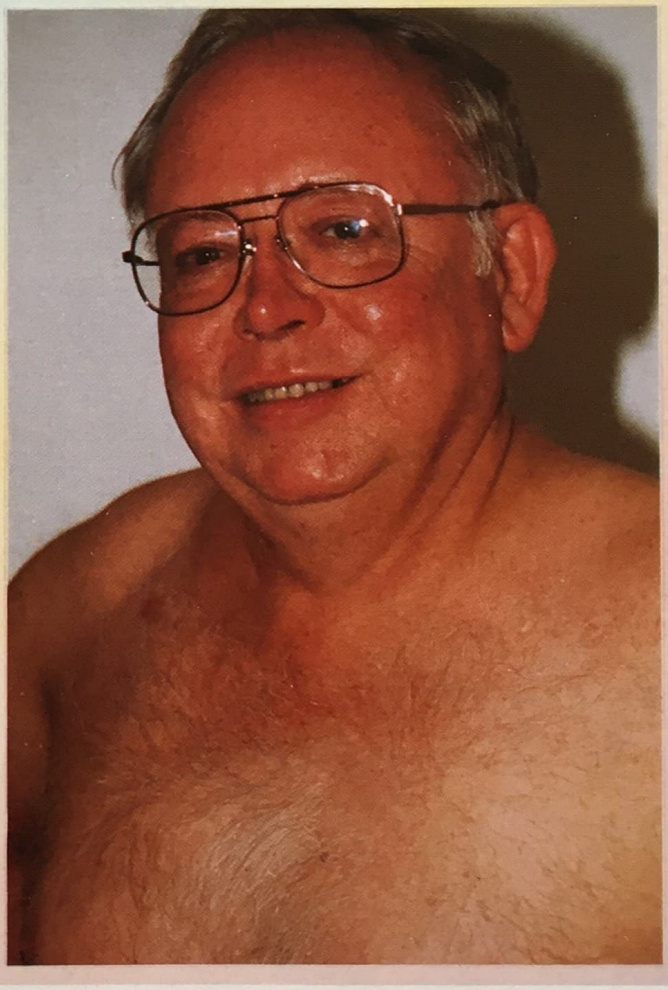

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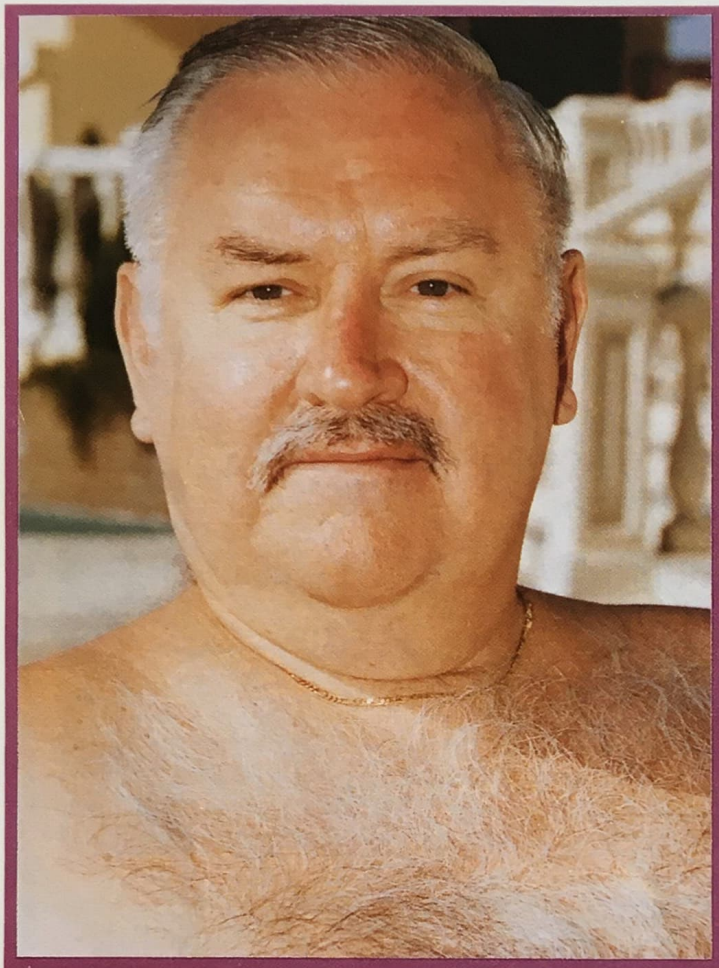

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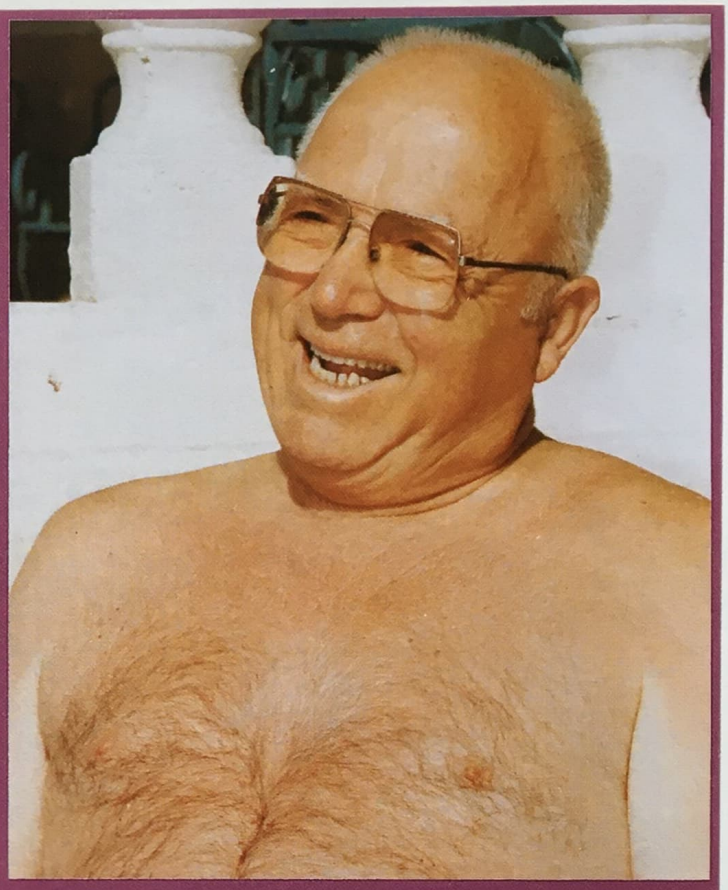

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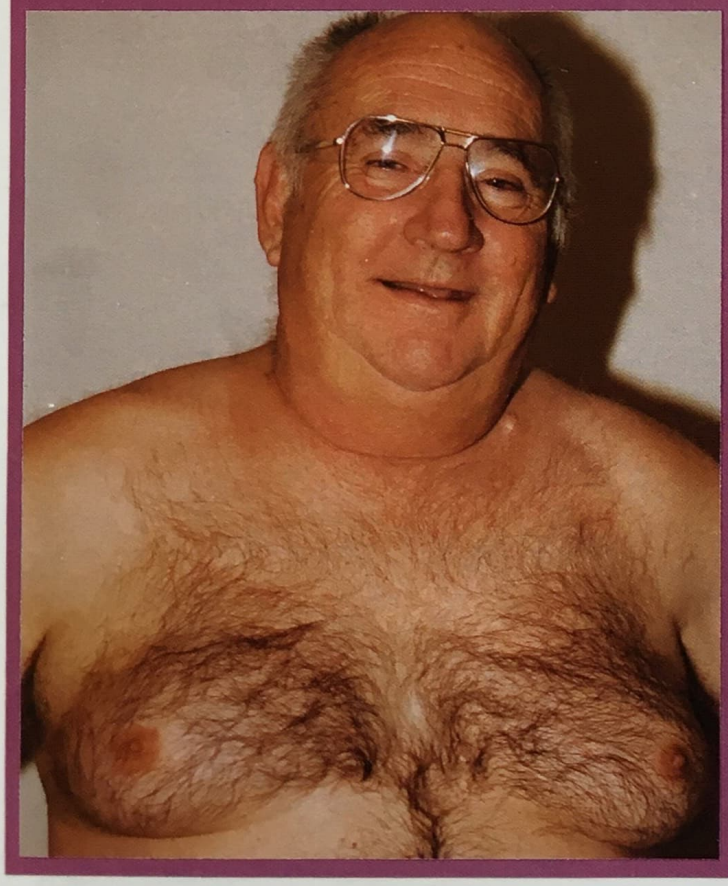

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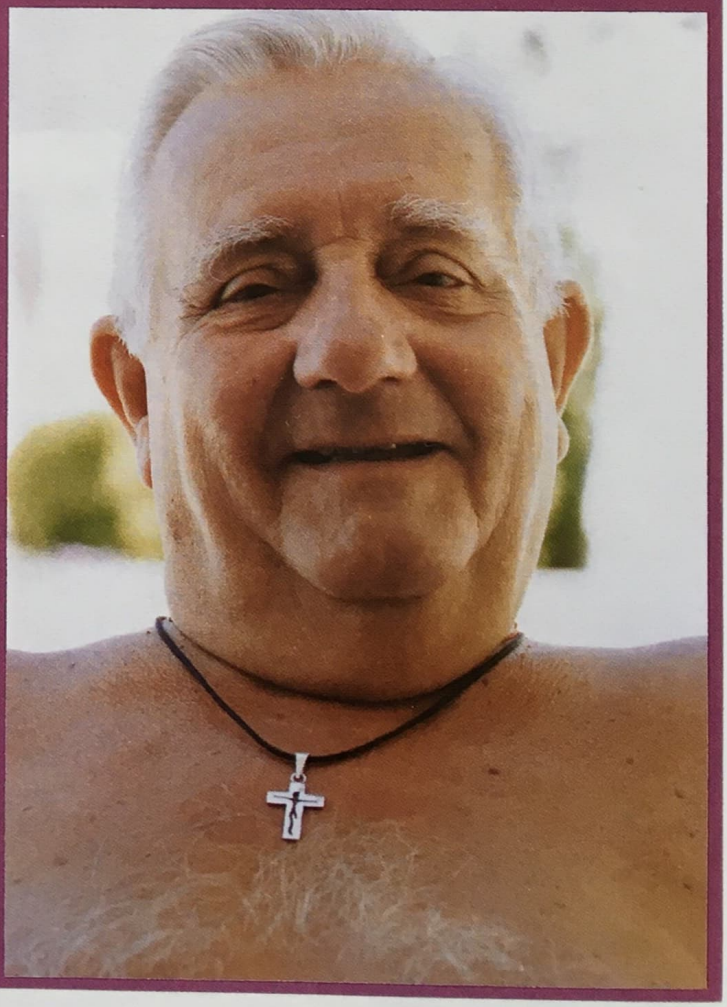

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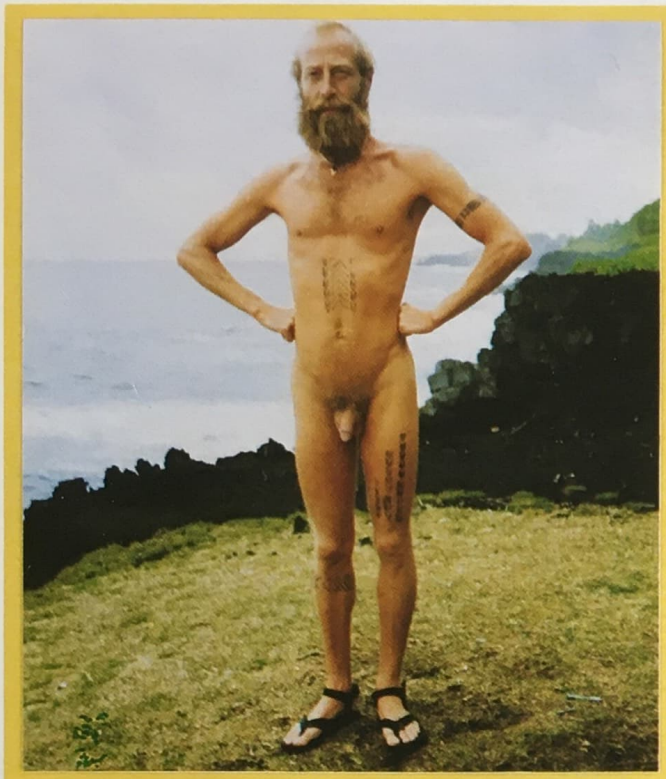

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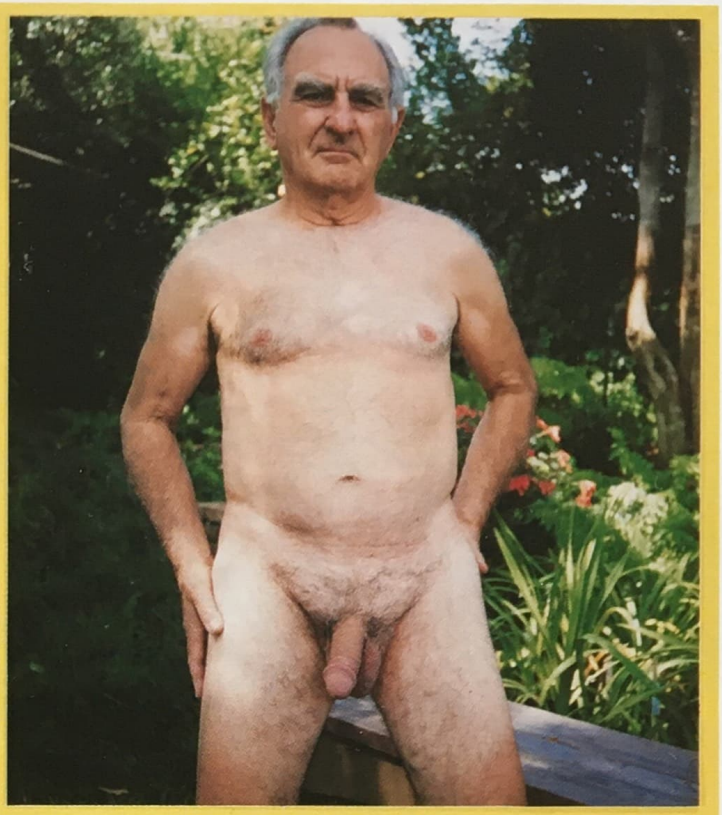
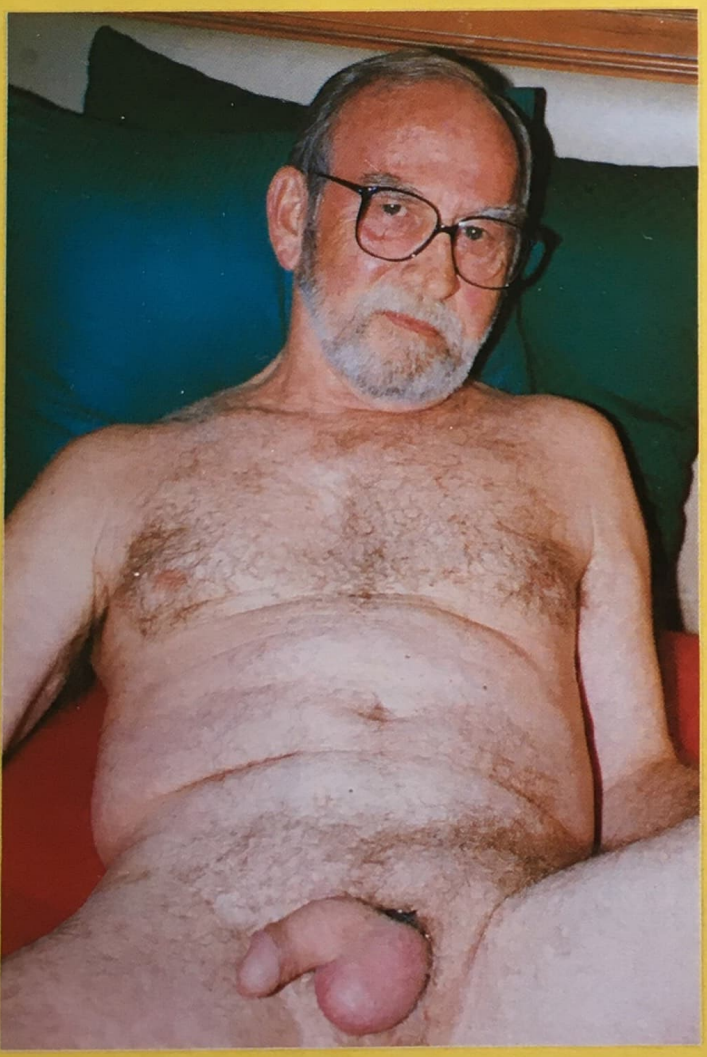
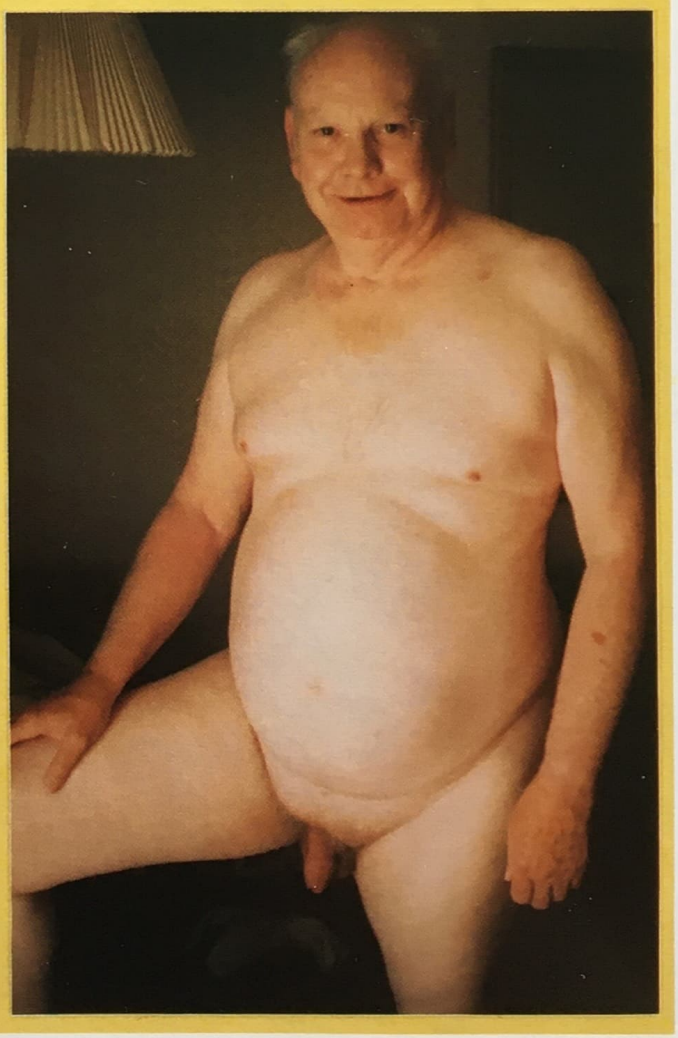




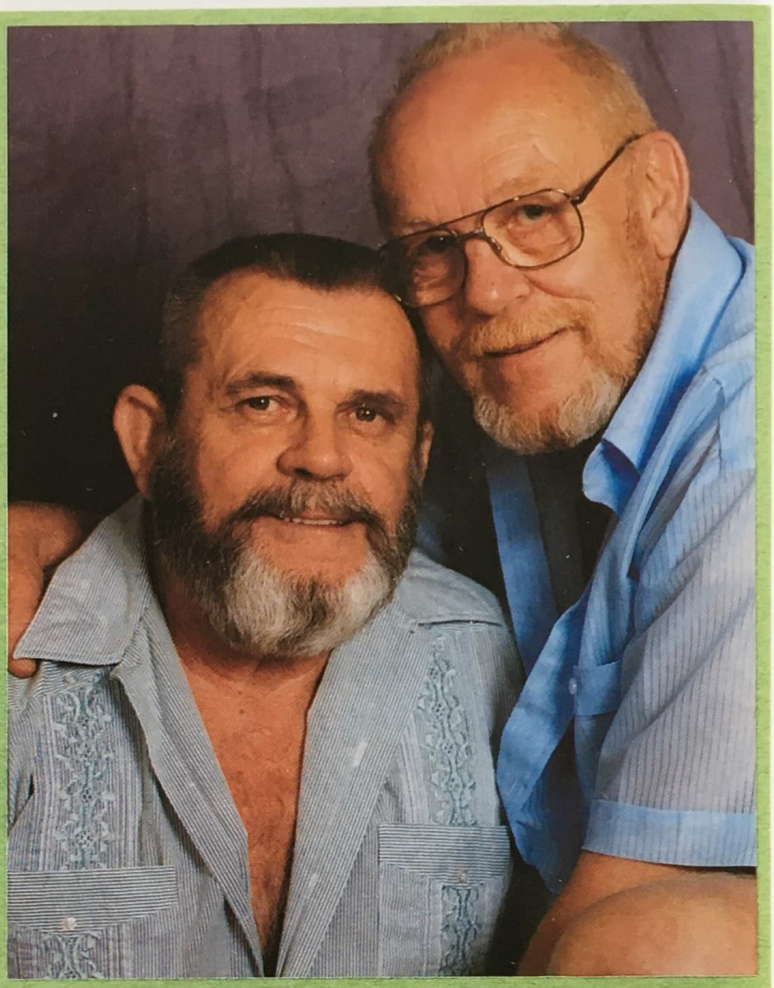


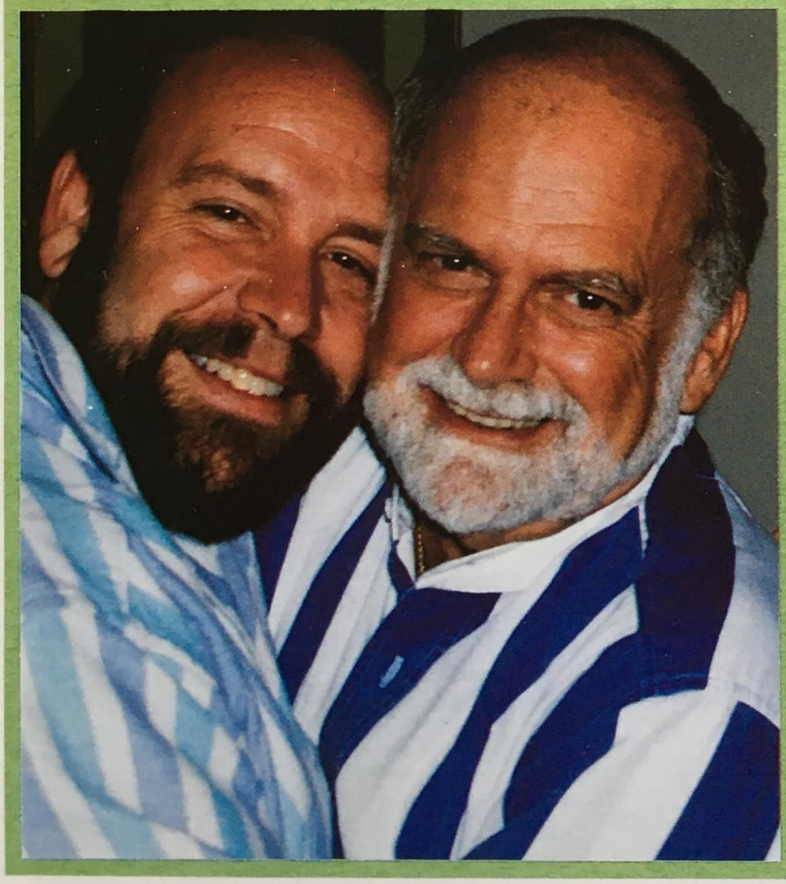
H.B. - photo by PHOTOMAN

ILLINOIS BILL - photo by MIKE

SHOE & SAM II - photo by PHOTOMAN

NEVADA GLENN & RED - photo by MACRO





HORNBLOWER & THE MAGICIAN - photo by GLYNN

ROMULUS & COUGAR - photo by JIM C

WM. F.

SPUD

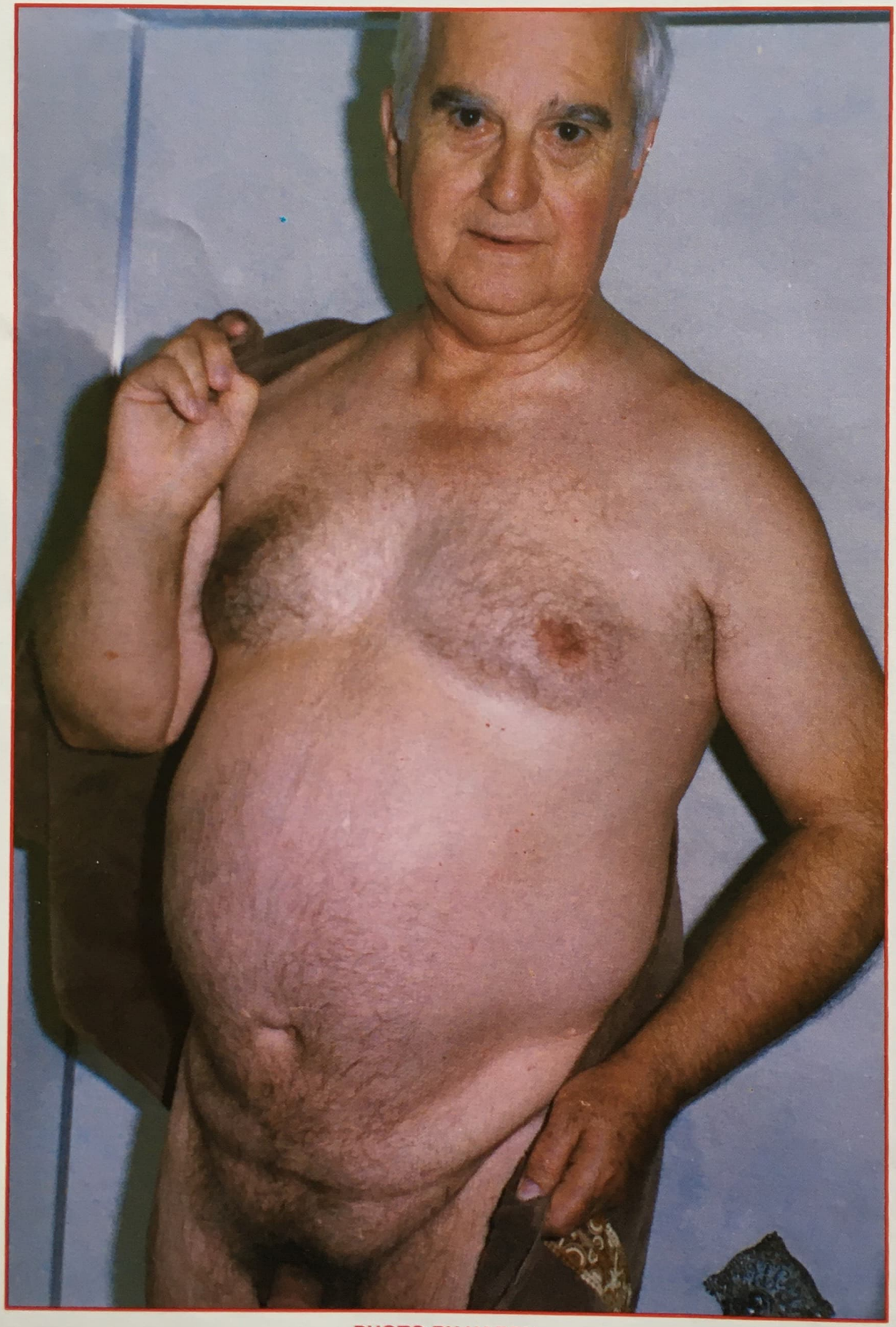
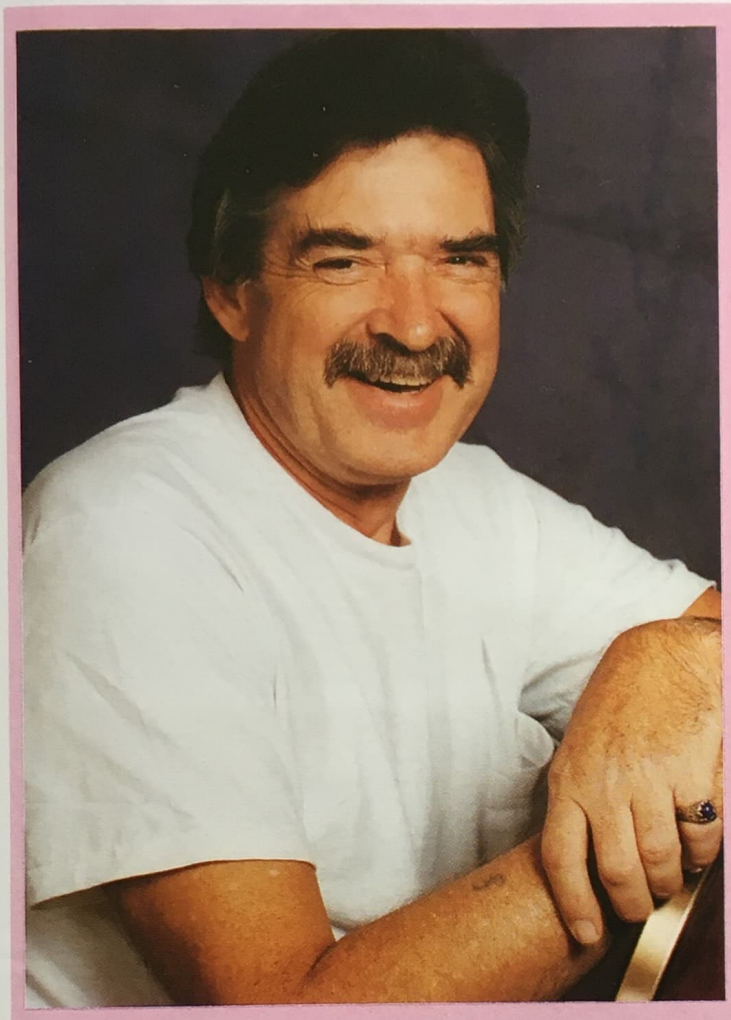
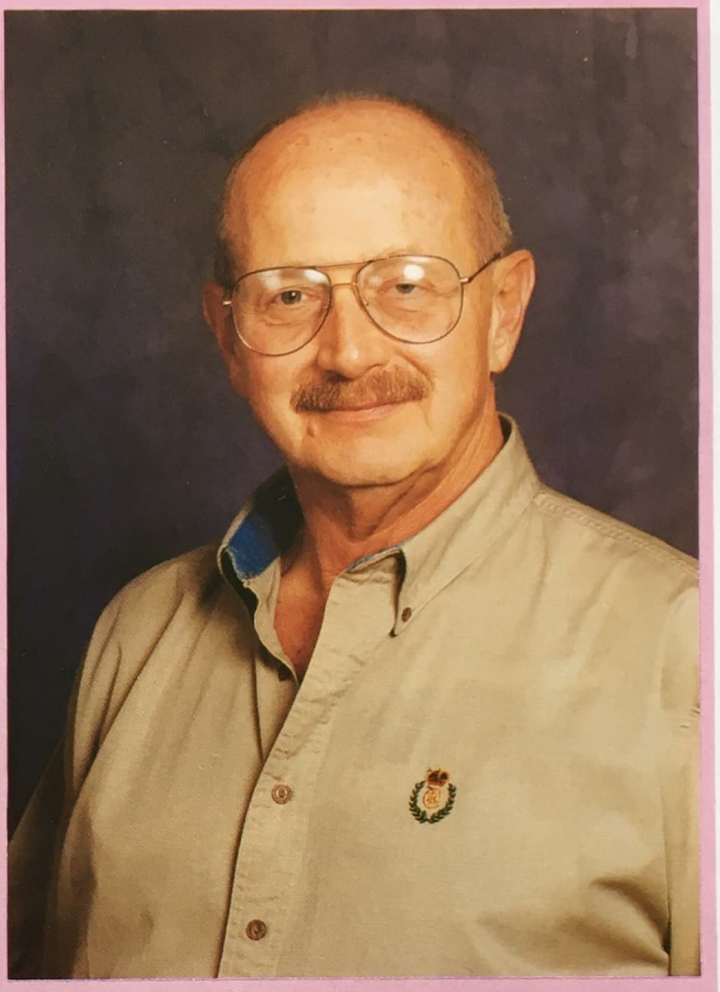


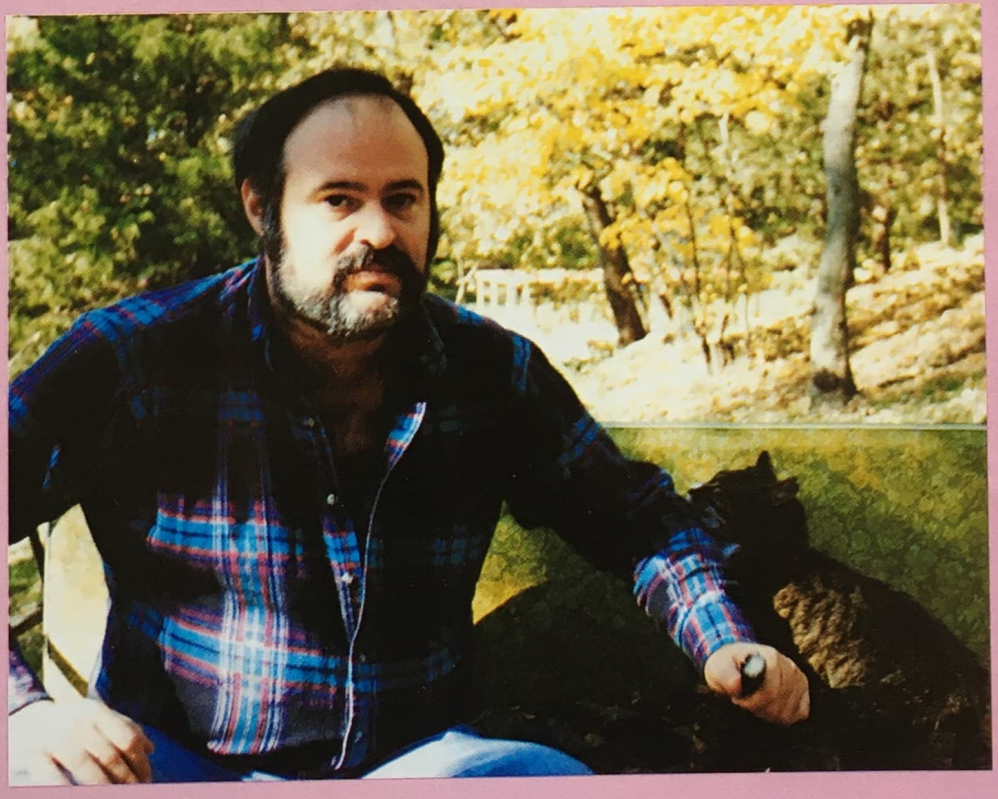
PHOTO BY HARRY

GAME BOY - photo by MACRO



JACK II - photo by MACRO



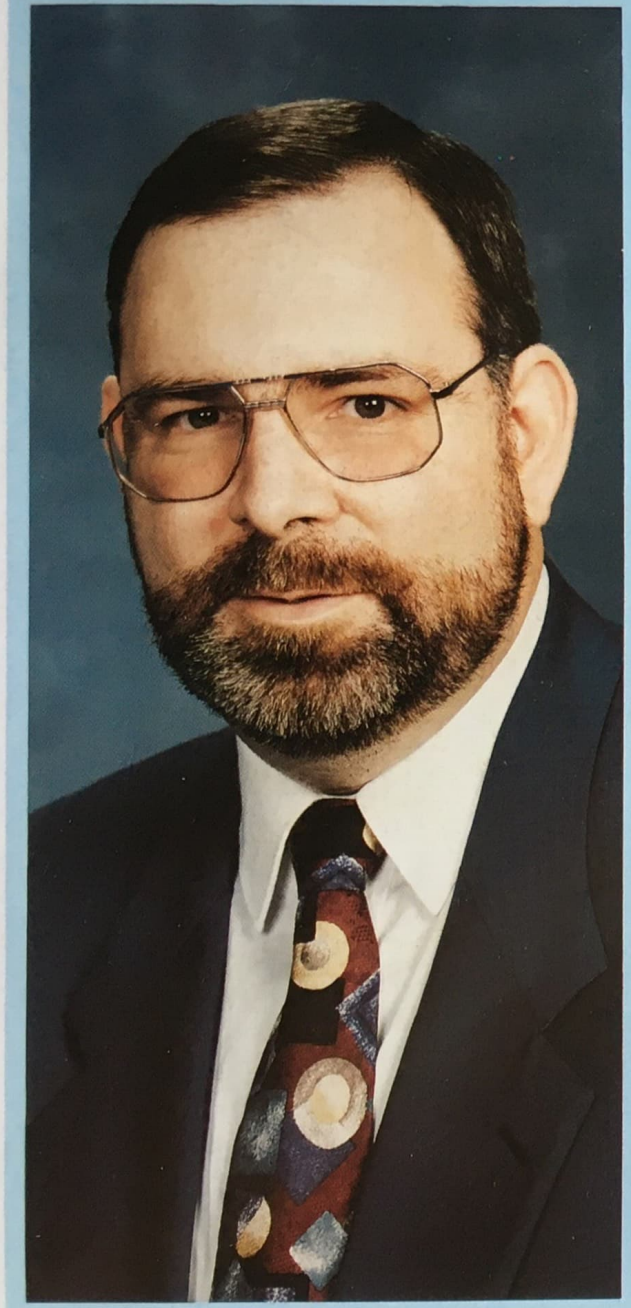


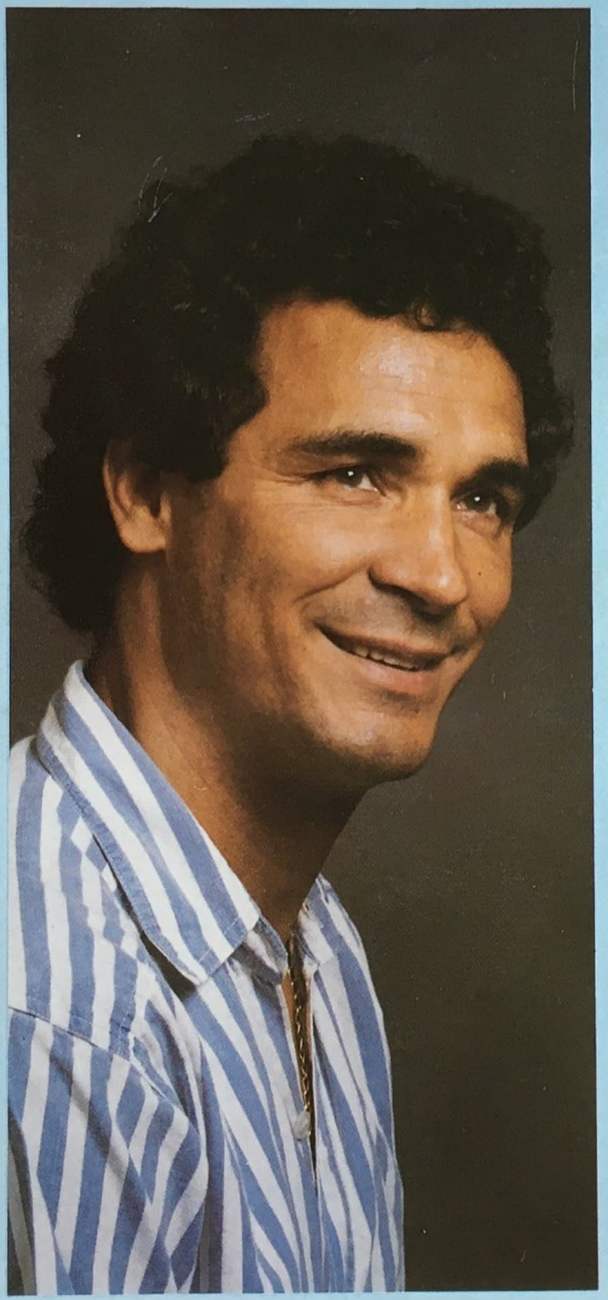
LOTAWANA STEVE - photo by PA HA SA PA STILLMAN

SCORPIO SQUIRE

MATIELO

JOHN BOYD





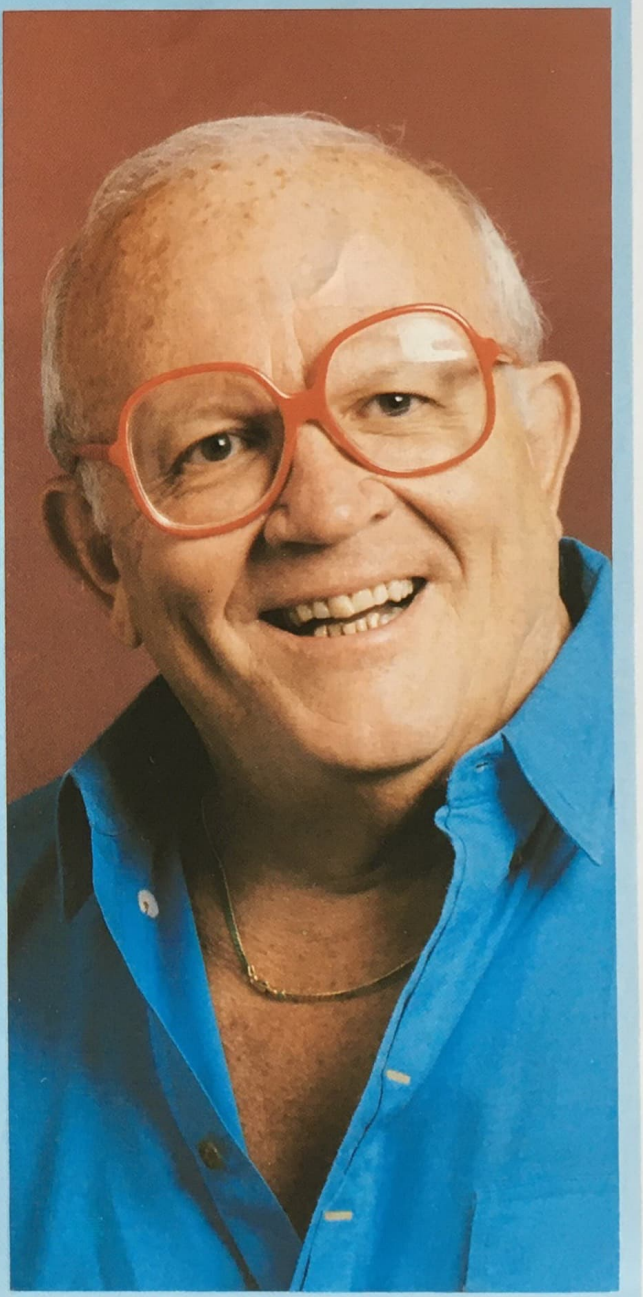


PHOTO BY D. MITCHELL

TARHEEL

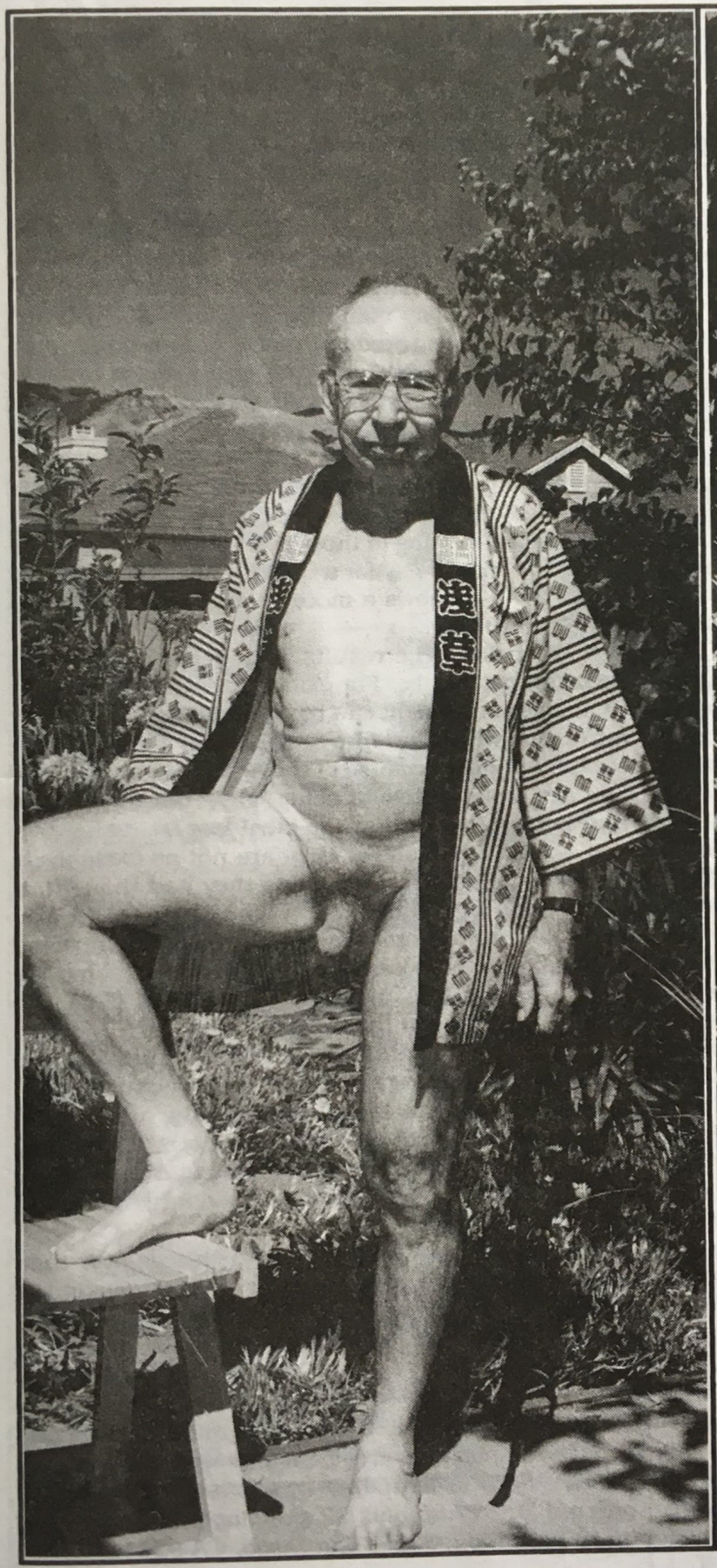


PHOTO BY DYFI

BABY BANKER

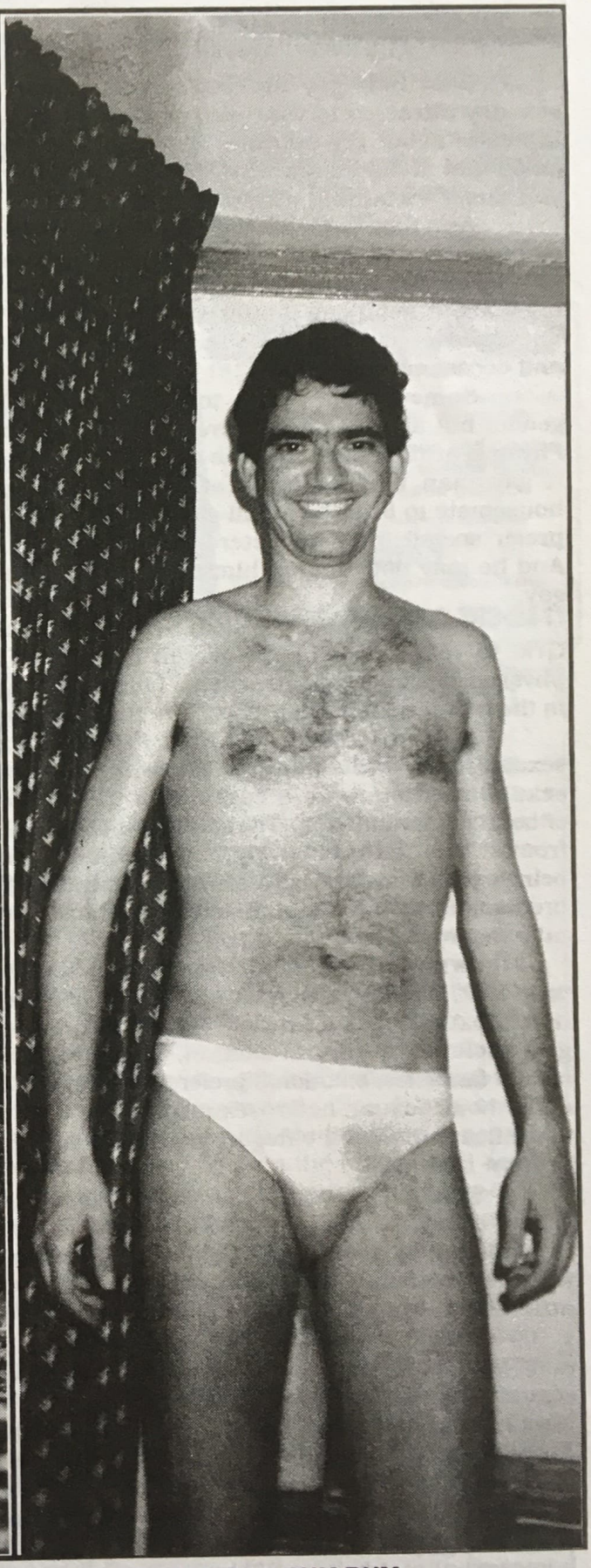


PHOTO BY KIDAL BUM BUM

HOW GAY ARE YOU? by Fritz Klein, M.D.

Just how gay are you? Even if you are sexually attracted to your own gender, do you ever fantasize about the opposite sex? Do you develop emotional attachments with the opposite sex? Do you prefer socializing with the opposite sex?

As a San Diego psychiatrist, I have had innumerable gay and lesbian patients who were comfortable in an out-of-the-closet lifestyle but had questions about nebulous interests in the opposite sex. They wondered about more than just physical acts and occasional fantasies.

Some people prefer to have sex with one gender but are emotionally involved with the other. Physical attraction is only one variable out of many. A gay man may prefer a straight woman as a housemate to living in an all-gay situation. He may prefer socializing with heterosexuals to gay bars. And he may not think of himself as predominantly gay.

So I developed the Klein Sexual Orientation Grid to reflect a person's overall being, not just physical acts or sexual attraction. I included the grid in the recent update of my book, *The Bisexual Option.*

At first I relied on Alfred Kinsey's Homosexual/Heterosexual Rating Scale which recognized sexual orientation as a continuum instead of an either/or determination. The seven-point scale ranges from a "one" as exclusively heterosexual to seven being exclusively homosexual. A person rating five is predominantly homosexual, but more than incidentally heterosexual.

As much of an improvement as Kinsey's scale was over labeling a person either homosexual or heterosexual, I took it further. My sexual orientation grid includes sexual attraction, sexual behavior, sexual fantasies, emotional preference, social preference, homosexual/heterosexual lifestyle and self-identification. Each category is divided into past, present and ideal.

Sexual attraction is not synonymous with sexual behavior, and I offer a 34-year-old mother of two children as an example. She was monogamous with her husband, but she admitted she has been attracted to women since her childhood.

In recent decades stars such as Elton John and Boy George have identified themselves as bisexual. But I believe some celebrities of the past who were labeled homosexual were more likely bisexual. And many gays today may have more interests in the opposite gender than they have realized.

Oscar Wilde was not a homosexual. Though tried and convicted in the 1890s in England for homosexuality, I believe Wilde was bisexual.

He was in love with his wife and they had two sons. He wrote beautiful love letters to her. Prior to his marriage he had emotional and sexual love affairs with women which would have qualified him as a womanizer in today's terms.

But even Wilde's early poems exhibited an interest in male physical beauty. During his last 14 years, he was equally enthusiastic about men.

While a gay man may rate himself a "six" on the Kinsey scale (predominantly homosexual, only incidentally heterosexual) my grid gives a broader picture. The same gay man places himself at a 6 in attraction and behavior but has a slightly higher level of fantasies for women (5). Emotionally and socially he is equally involved with men and women and his lifestyle is evenly mixed between straight and gay, giving him a 4 rating in those categories. He identifies himself as mostly gay for a 6. With his totals running 6-6-5-4-4-4-6 shows a more diverse sexual orientation than Kinsey.

I believe the results may help people reach their full potentials. For example, self-identification as just gay or straight can be a painful self-limitation. A bisexual who views him or herself as a homosexual suffers not only because of the label. He or she may find nothing negative in being "gay," but one part of that person knows that the label is a lie.

If the grid shows they are not as exclusively homosexual or heterosexual as they had thought, it may encourage them to be who they really are. Because the gay community frequently has rejected bisexuality as homosexuals living in denial, some gay men and lesbians may have repressed even the slightest interest in the opposite sex.

People differ infinitely: in height, intelligence, excitability, perseverance, color, age, point of view, nationality, religion, weight, sex ability, and on and on and on. In every external and internal way they differ. There is no bisexual person who necessarily reflects a 50/50 degree ration between his male and female preference.

I've also found that people change over their lives. I have seen gays gravitate to heterosexual or bisexual, but I have to emphasize that this is limited to only some people. It is more likely for bi's to change than gays.

Dr. Klein's book, The Bisexual Option *(Second Edition/Harrington Park Press, An Imprint of The Haworth Press, 1993) is available in bookstores or can be ordered for $17.95 plus $2 shipping and handling at 4545 Park Blvd. #207, San Diego, CA 92116.*

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WANTED: MEN OF MANY HATS

This winter CR will be leasing a warehouse/office facility in north San Diego County, somewhere between Oceanside and San Diego. We will have an immediate need for full time and/or part time personnel to staff that operation while we continue to function editorially out of our home/office in Victorville. By spring or summer, we hope to complete the move of all our operations to the San Diego county facility.

We will consider any age but are especially interested in robust retirees with medical insurance. Duties: general clerical, shipping, receiving and warehousing. Hourly wages will be commensurate with abilities and far from minimum wage. Later in the year we will have a requirement for a computer-skilled operations manager trainee who will be groomed to eventually take over as publisher and partner. Initial employees will be given first consideration.

Ability, attitude, good references and integrity constitute the foremost determining factors. Education and experience are secondary.

Please express your interest by writing to us at P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393. Enclose a rèsumé, a snapshot (if possible), and a brief account of what you've been doing over the past few years.

PROFILES OF OUR MODELS, PHOTOGRAPHERS AND ARTISTS

MODELS

FRONT COVER: **WES**: 54, 5'-10", 235#, single. He likes cooking, fishing, the arts, and simple things in life. He seeks 40-65 y/o white men, medium to stocky frame. Uncut and hairy are pluses. Cigarettes and light booze okay.

Page 2: **SAN JOSE**: 52, 5'-11", 205#, San Jose, single. He likes sports and art and is looking for a single, mature (45+) man, chubette or chubby, HIV negative, financially stable.

Page 14: **KOOKABURRA**: 68, single, South Florida. He's a cookbook author, an expert on microwave cooking, and writes an occasional article for CR. He's also a great professional entertainer who we hope will join the talent show in Orlando. He's looking for a tall (over 6 ft.) lifemate.

Page 16: **ARNIE**: 59, 5'-9", 195# (mostly muscle), married, Rhode Island. ARNIE is one of the most delightful men we've ever met. Although he's deaf and married with family, he's very outgoing and quite popular with C-Risers. He's a bisexual nudist and nonsmoker who seeks pen pals and friends who are older.

Page 27: **MEGABYTE**: 56, 6'-1", 230#, Colorado. Likes fun-loving older guys and young admirers. He's versatile and loves to cuddle. Has spent his working life in computers, all sizes and shapes. He seeks good friends from all over the country, since he travels extensively. **THE ACCOUNTANT**: 62, 6 ft., 235#, New Orleans, single. Likes almost everything loving and gentle. He's really a hairless teddy bear. Seeks friendship and good sex. **SICILIAN BLUE**: 48, 5'-7", 240#, Orange, CA, in an open relationship. Likes good-looking men, 28-40, fireman/policeman types are a plus. Looking for studs with good personality to enjoy safe sex with. **CHUCKLES**: 63, 5'-11", 236, Huntington Beach. Likes dining out, movies, reading, traveling. Looking for 25-50, slender, any race.

Page 28: **DADDIE**: 53, 5'-10", 250#, Virginia, single. Likes antique cars, movie memorabilia, dogs, country living, thrift shops and cooking. Seeks quiet, masculine, good-looking men who are independent, financially stable and unattached. **CHIPMUNK**: 67, 6'-1", 220#, Reading, PA, single. Likes classical music, nice places to eat, and relaxing with people. Seeks people who enjoy friendship. **P.D.**: 64, 5'-11", 233#, single, Southern California. No other information given, but well known by friends of CR and trusted. Sort of shy. **JUST PLAIN BOB**: 71, 5'-9", 225#, Florida & NYC, in an open relationship. He likes young, hung, hot men with a pleasing personality in a nice package.

Page 29: **TIM**: 38, 5'-11", Northern California, single. He's affectionate and loves the outdoors and nature. Looking for single, active, compassionate men around 50s for friendship or penpals. **PICO**: 71, 165#, Bi, Married. He likes lots of outdoor activities, including backpacking, hiking, rafting. He says he misses the extended oral pleasures from years past. **H.B.**: no vitals given, Southern California, single. **ILLINOIS BILL**: 69, 6'-1", 250#, Central Illinois, single. He likes electronics, photography, good food and lots of love. Looking for masculine man, 45 and up, loyal, honest, sincere, to be permanent partner. Prefers nonsmoker.

Page 30: **SHOE & SAM II**: SHOE is 66, 5'-11", 293, and SAM is 51, 5'-8", 165#. Both live apart in Southern California and have an open relationship SHOE likes younger men, and SAM likes mature, heavy-set men. **NEVADA GLENN & RED**: GLENN is 60, 5'-7", 200#, and RED is 65, 5'-9", 190#. Both reside together in Nevada and have an open relationship RED likes mature men, but GLENN says he likes just about anything. **HORNBLOWER & THE MAGICIAN**: 41 and 57, both 5'-10", 230#/187#, Georgia, in open relationship. They like roller coasters, cooking, adventures, music and theater and seek good friends who share their interests. **ROMULUS & COUGAR**: ROMULUS is 69, 5'-7", 168 and lives in Florida. His partner, COUGAR, is 45, 5'-9", 180# and resides in Pennsylvania. They both like nudism, traveling, friendships and music. They are in an open relationship.

Page 31: **THE BOSS**: 46, 5'-11", 270#, Laguna Beach, single. He likes quiet evenings at home, movies, etc. Looking for new friends, open to relationship. **WM. F.**: 67, 5'-4", 160#, in new relationship with PHOTOMAN. We think they are moving from their separate digs in the Midwest to California. More later.

Page 32: **SPUD**: 72, 5'-11", 200#, Idaho, in a relationship. He's a retired professional who is versatile, adaptable, clean, warm, honest, open, sincere, with cultural and musical interests.

Page 33: **GAME BOY**: 52, 6'-2", 204#, Nevada, single. He likes classical music, nudism, books and lots of sex. He's looking for intelligent conversation ... and lots of sex. **JACK II**: 62, 6'-4", 204#, Southwest, single. Likes all kinds of music, travel, entertaining friends, men over 40. **LOTAWANA STEVE**: 41, 6 ft., 215#, Missouri, single. He likes reading, music, the view of the lake from his living room, sharing good times with friends. He's looking for a few good friends to fill the gap left by the death of his partner of 20 years. Not age or weight specific.

Page 34: **SCORPIO SQUIRE**: 42, 6'-2", 290, Winnepeg. He's a romantic with many intersts: music, gardening, cats, etc. Looking for a soulmate, 45 and up, especially a bear, bruiser or husky man. Penpals welcome. **MATIELO**: 37, 5'-11", 172#, British Columbia. Ex pro soccer player from Brazil. He likes classical music and romantic evenings. He seeks a man over 50 (preferably with gray hair), masculine, affectionate, clean-cut, sincere. **JOHN BOYD**: 58, 6'-1", 220#, New Mexico. He likes honesty, love, classical music, travel, skiing. Looking for GM, 30-55, with positive outlook who is adventurous and who doesn't play games. Possible relationship.

Page 35: **TARHEEL**: 75, 5'-7", 150#, Central California, single. He likes making love, erotic touch, nudity, VCRs, hot tubs, good stories, and he's looking for an affectionate companion. **BABY BANKER**: 33, single and living in Rio de Janeiro. He likes, among other things, reading, writing, cooking, traveling, and making love with stocky to fat, mature men. He's looking for a long-term relationship.

Page 47: **MARSHAL** : 54, 6'-2", 260#, Oregon, single. See PHOTOGRAPHERS.

Page 48: **THE TONGUE** : 31, 5'-9", 390#, Chicagoland, single. He's into overweight guys and men over 50. Prefer small endowment, physically challenged and flaccid.

Page 53: **CHUCKY BEAR** : 54, 5'-9", 220#, Reading, PA, single. He was on the cover of CR #62, which was the best selling issue of all time. He's actually a little shy and enjoys meeting new people for friendship and good times.

Page59: **MAINE MAN & DE JUDGE**: M.M. is 29, 5'-11", 235#, and lives with D.J. in Orange, CA. He especially likes cooking, parties, new age jazz and classic rock. D.J. is 50, 6 ft., 250# and loves good music, good food and down-to-earth, no-attitude friends. These two hunks will be featured in the upcoming *CRonus*.

BACK COVER: **J.R.**: 55, 5'-8", 180#, Eugene, OR, in an open relationship. He likes old cars, planes (he's a pilot), sailing (he's an expert), and sex. Looking for 55+ gentleman, small man a plus, clean-shaven for friendship and possible long-term trio relationship.

PRINCIPAL PHOTOGRAPHERS

PHOTOMAN lives in the Midwest, but not for long. He's not single any more either. He made quite a hit at the Las Vegas Gathering and has been supplying us with an incredible amount of great photos for all three magazines. PHOTOMAN will be our staff photographer at Orlando.

MARSHAL is single and lives in Oregon. Although a very good photographer, his forte is music. Those of you who heard him perform in Las Vegas know that he's one spectacular pianist. Those of you who purchase "Mojave" will witness his genius for composing and performing synthesized sound tracks for videos. MARSHAL will be the entertainment coordinator in Orlando.

MACRO is the blond, curly-headed professional photographer who was taking portraits in the hospitality area during the Las Vegas Gathering. He lives in Utah with his middle-aged lifemate who's built like an NFL middle linebacker.

ARTISTS

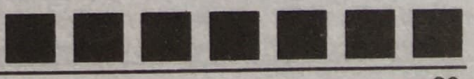
QUETZAL, 40, is a very bright and attractive artist who lives with model PLOVER in West Hollywood. He's one of our most prolific contributors.

JAMES L. HAWKINS, 66, lives with his lover of 15 years, Jack Gray, age 73, in their home in West Los Angeles. Both are active in collecting 19th and 20th century original art, which includes some fine examples of the male nude. James has been drawing from the male nude for over 44 years and taught life drawing for several years at Beverly Hills Adult School.

SYROOS is 55 and lives with his 52-year-old lifemate in Southern California. He's a freelance artist/photographer and his favorite subjects are older men. He would love some feedback from our readers.

RAM is back and better than ever! He had to put off his secret hobby for a few months while devoting time to his more conventional artwork. He lives in Illinois and Florida with his mate and spends most of his time in horticulture and painting.

DO SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR LIFE. BECOME A CR MODEL AND OPEN UP A WHOLE NEW WORLD!



THE CR CLASSIFIEDS

1. COMMERCIAL RESPONSE TO PERSONAL ADS: The express purpose of our personal ads is to aid our readers in finding friends and mates. Any ads of a commercial nature must be placed in the commercial section. Readers responding to personal ads may not use such opportunity to distribute commercial materials. We reserve the right to deny advertising and forwarding privileges to any person found doing this.

2. PERSONAL ADVERTISER'S RESPONSIBILITY: Personal advertisers are urged to answer all mail received, provided the responder is generally the type of person targeted in the ad. We will deny advertising and forwarding privileges to flagrant, repeat offenders.

3. PUBLISHER'S LIMITATION OF RESPONSIBILITY: We take no responsibility for any undesirable relationship or experience resulting from the use of our classified ads, be they personal or commercial. We will monitor all ads and refuse to publish those which obviously imply fraud or peril. Very unsavory people have been known to use publications to victimize readers and advertisers. Seemingly innocent ads designed to lure as many readers as possible into a criminal scam or government sting operation are sometimes placed in erotic magazines. These people also respond to the ads of others with the same come-on. We urge our readers to use these ads with the utmost caution and common sense.

4. AGE REQUIREMENT: All responders and advertisers must be 18 or over. The exclusion of an age limitation in any ad does not constitute an invitation to minors.

5. OUTDATED ADS: Do not answer ads in older issues. People move and post office boxes change hands. Your letter could end up in the wrong hands. Unforwardable letters will be marked with a "U" and returned to sender.

6. SEXUALLY EXPLICIT ADS: We will not publish ads with sexually explicit or coarse language designed more for shock value than for attracting a partner. We reserve the right to edit, rewrite or reject ads.

7. INSTRUCTIONS FOR ANSWERING CODED ADS, which are those with **BOLD** code names at the end of the ad and no address:

a. Write, stamp and seal your letter inside a discreet envelope. Make sure you have enough postage for overweight and foreign letters. YOUR RETURN ADDRESS MUST BE ON THE LETTER. If you do not have access to U.S. stamps, send $1 or 2 international reply coupons for every 3 letters. Stamped letters not meeting the above requirements will be returned with no explanation. Letters with no stamps affixed will be shredded.

b. **IN PENCIL ONLY**, lightly write the codeword in the center of the envelope.

c. Place your letter(s) inside a larger envelope and mail to CR at P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

8. INSTRUCTIONS FOR WRITING MODELS, WRITERS AND OTHER CONTRIBUTORS: Same as #7.

NOTICE - WE WILL <u>NOT</u>:

1. WAIT IN LINE AT THE POST OFFICE FOR LETTERS WITH POSTAGE DUE. SUCH LETTERS WILL NOT BE CLAIMED.

2. FORWARD LARGE QUANTITIES OF MAIL FOR THOSE READERS WHO WRITE ALL NEW MODELS AND ADVERTISERS (AND WHO ARE OBVIOUSLY PHOTO COLLECTORS OR MAILING LIST COMPILERS). WE WILL FORWARD FIVE PIECES OF MAIL PER WRITER AT NO CHARGE. FOR EVERY LETTER OVER FIVE, YOU MUST ENCLOSE $1 EACH (6 LETTERS = $1; 10 LETTERS = $5; 12 LETTERS = $7, ETC.). THIS IS *PER WRITER*, NOT *PER ENVELOPE*.

3. FORWARD LETTERS WITHOUT PROPER POSTAGE. NOTE THE RECENT POSTAGE INCREASE BY USPS.

ALABAMA

(8/95) DOTHAN: WM, 32, 180#, 5'-11", trapped in a Baptist world! Looking for a mature, hairy gentleman, 45-up, for close relationship. I'm a nonsmoker, light drinker with a passion for reading, classical music, and the arts. Write: Ken, P.O. Box 9122, Dothan, AL 36304.

ARIZONA

(2/95) NE PHOENIX/NATIONWIDE: Lovable and loving widower, 61, tall, husky, good-looking smoker, wants one compatible healthy man, 30s-40s, similar physique with enormous libido, for intense devotion and mutual respect. Demonstrative in private, discreet in public. Write: **POPPA**

(4/95) ARIZONA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 6 ft., 250#, HIV negative, live in Tucson area. Looking for someone 30-50 to build a monogamous relationship with. Drink/drug free, nonsmoker. Enjoy all forms of sex as long as safe. Your photo gets mine. Write: **BAREKAT**

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

(12/95) SAN FRANCISCO/NATIONWIDE: Caring WM, 58, 5'10", 180#, 9 thick cut inches. Looking for dominant, take charge, classy, well-to-do man over 55. I enjoy being spanked. Would like advice on my businesses. I will do whatever it takes to make you feel great all over. Write or call: Roger Silberman, 962 Jones #1, San Francisco, CA 94109, (415) 441-5191.

(2/95) IF YOU ARE SERIOUS about forming a monogamous life partnership/best friendship, read on. I'm looking for someone with time to invest (no multiple memberships, friendships or heavily scheduled lifestyle), and the capacity for love, generosity and caring. I'm GWM, 47, 5'-11", 160#, brown eyes, brown-gray hair/balding, masculine, very hairy, healthy, well-groomed, stable, adventurous, pleasant personality. Enjoy country music, travel, outdoors, movies, reading, hobbies. We share: good values, no addictions, height/weight proportional, clean-shaven faces, good sense of humor, calm/unpretentious personality, quiet non-urban lifestyle. Please include return address with response. Write: John, P.O. Box 4654, Foster City, CA 94404.

(4/95) NATIONWIDE: Monogamous couple, 62 and 54, seek pen-pals, photo exchange, visits. Don Charles and Howard Turner, 53787 Highway 245, Miramonte, CA 93641, or call (209) 336-0006.

(6/95) BURLY SON LOOKING FOR TRIM DAD: Son: WM, 5'-10", 210#, 48, professional, attractive, assertive, in SF Bay Area. You: Trim, 6 ft.+, 55+, dominant and affectionate, established, executive type. Both: Nonsmokers, no drugs, HIV negative, masculine. WS/large nippled dad great! Bi/Mar/Ex-mil great! Send photo/detailed letter. **BURLYSON**

(4/95) OAKLAND: Seeking special friendship. You're 28-45±, ANY race. Sincerity, honesty, compatibility more important than "looks." I'm white, 59, 6'-1", 240# (comfortably overweight), reddish hair (thin top, ponytail), gray beard, hairy chest. Fatherly but fun-loving, caring but compliant, serious but humorous, spiritual but secular, supportive but tolerant. Enjoy reading, writing, movies, theatre, music, art, nature. No alcohol, smoke, drugs. Love all sensual and oral aspects of sex, but no Greek. Michael, 41 Grand Ave. #12, Oakland, CA 94612.

(2/95) SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 69, 6 ft., 240#, white hair/beard, blue eyes, CR writer/model (cover of #59), seeking friends, pen pals of any age from anywhere. Eclectic interests include: travel, fine arts, erotica. Also in

search of lover under 50, small-average build, romantic, honest, creative and intelligent. Photo required. Write: **LORD CLEVELAND**

CENTRAL CALIFORNIA

(2/95) HELPFUL, APPRECIATIVE older GWM, writer/artist, 5'-11", gray hair, green eyes, 180#, hairy, cut, extremely sexual, seeking intense, loving relationship with talented young male protégé: painter, writer, musician, sculptor, dancer. Any race, living within 60 miles of Fresno/Clovis. Write: **SWORDLET** (CR model, January, 1991)

(12/95) CENTRAL CALIFORNIA: Easy-going, open-minded, pleasure-loving and affectionate senior seeks young-at-heart companion who can still learn new tricks from an old dog. Interests include (but not limited to) nudity, photography, music, theater, massage, hottubs, good food, wine and conversation. I'm 5'-7", 145#, 145, nonsmoker, HIV negative, Greek/P, French/A. Write: **TARHEEL**

(4/95) CENTRAL CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: Artist/Photographer, gormet chef, retired educator. Bald, hairy, 70, 160#, 5'-8", near Yosemite National Park. Seeks younger, slim, healthy, nonsmoker companion for home-centered relationship. Write with photo: Len Lasnik, 40444 S. Shore Rd. #222, Bass Lake, CA 93604.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

(8/95) SAN DIEGO: GWM, 51, 5'-11", husky, brown/brown, moustache, smooth chest, cut/average, masculine, discreet. Seeks masculine men into various mutual J/O scenes, erotic massage, revealing clothes, nudity. Write and/or meet. Ed R., P.O. Box 90465, San Diego, CA 92169.

(10/95) NO. ORANGE COUNTY/EAST LA COUNTY: WM, 72, 5'8", 175#, married, HIV-. Seeking midweek, late afternoon friends for oral or ? Write: **PICO**

(2/95) LONG BEACH: 71, 5'-10", 220#, belly, brown-grey, mostly bald, hairy body, 'stache, French A/P, bottom (mostly), seeks son/brother/buddy. I'm loving, caring, sincere, healthy (HIV negative). I love reading, movies, quiet music, biking, cozy dinners, weekend trips and much more. I'm a nonsmoker, rare drinker with wide world interests. Willing to relocate anywhere, provided it has a warm climate. You be about mid-40s, nonsmoker, willing to help build a dad-son bonding, be sincere, caring, demonstrative, loving, affectionate. Letter, photo to Gene Wagner, 635 E. Ocean Blvd. #103, Long Beach, CA 90802.

(4/95) SO CALIFORNIA: In good shape 68-year-old top, 6 ft, 190#, blue eyes, grey crewcut. I'm a dominant, aggressive, demanding but generous, thoughtful, considerate, and relationship-oriented man. Am basically French passive, Greek active, interested in reading, working out, the outdoors, cooking, entertaining, theater, art, music, sports, travel, etc. HIV negative. Looking for under 45, not into bars and drugs—a submissive bottom who is independent but willing to accept help and is fun to be with. Must be French active, Greek passive, with great oral skills! I can travel to get acquainted. If interested, send detailed and explicit letter with photo and telephone number. **CALDAD**

(2/95) PALMDALE: GWM, 68, 5'-10", 208#, bald, going to Orlando Gathering, then approximately 2 months stay at a Pennsylvania gay camp in my 34 ft. motorhome. Looking for horny, no-smoke/drugs travel buddy to share expenses. Nudity, hugging, oral action and other fun. Respond with photo if possible. Write: **CAPT'N HONEY**

(2/95) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA MOUNTAIN ARTIST/EDUCATOR, 66, 5'-11", GWM, HIV negative. Lives alone, has quiet humor, interested in all the arts. Seeking uncomplicated friendship with intimacy. A photo would be nice. Write: **WEST**

CONNECTICUT

(12/95) ARE YOU A BURLY, FURRY BEAR? GWM, 51, 6'-2", 185#, smooth, sexy bear lover is looking for you! Jan, Box 851, Danbury, CT 06813. (203) 794-0868.

FLORIDA

(4/95) WEST PALM BEACH: Late 50s CR Model (cover of #48 and inside #53), ex-football player, single, flexible, looking for just the right masculine guy, any race, any mature age. **KARL**

(4/95) FLORIDA/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: GBM, 40, 5'-6", 160#, nonsmoker, seeks new friends, singles/couples. See my photo in CR #58. Write: **SHORTY**

(2/95) SARASOTA/NATIONWIDE: Still lonesome old (smooth) teddy bear, 67. Like to cook. Love bed. Belt okay. Want sweet Daddy to cherish. Ted, 763 John Ringling Blvd. #B-8, Sarasota, FL 34236.

(2/95) ORLANDO: Lovable GLM, 28, 5'6", 160#, very nice looking. Searching for a tender, loving GWM, 50+, 280# +, 5'10" + to fill my lonely nights with love. Photo/letter to: George, P.O. Box 720115, Orlando, FL 32872-0115

(8/95) JUPITER: GWM, 62, 5'-8", 142#, 7" cut, clean-shaven bottom, swimmer's body, close-cropped, salt & pepper hair, educated, French active and passive, Greek passive, HIV negative, seeks dominant TOP, 55+, for monogamy. Will relocate. P. Monet, P.O. Box 8543, Jupiter, FL 33468.

(6/95) FLORIDA/NATIONWIDE: Retired GWM, 68, 5'-10", 250+ lbs, seeks permanent, monogamous mate, 6 ft. plus, HIV negative, husky, nonsmoking/drinking, into health, nutrition, cooking and cultural arts. Write: **KOOKABURRA**

(6/95) NORTH FLORIDA: Stable GWM, 48, gray/brown hair, moustache, 5'-8", 195#, HIV negative, as comfortable with football as with Les Miserables. Likes music, sports, quiet times with a few good friends. Would like to meet masculine gentleman, age not relevant to maturity, on the beefy side with good sense of humor, who likes to have conversations and laughs, who has compatible interests and is comfortable with himself, for possible lasting friendship/relationship. Write: **BULLDAWG**

(6/95) WEST COAST OF FLORIDA: If you are in your 30s and want a secure future filled with love, caring, affection and an opportunity to develop to your fullest capacity, write to me. I'm a GWM in my early 60s and because of prostate problems, can function in every way except active sex. I have everything in life except a loving partner. Could it be you? Write: **MEMPHIS**

(6/95) OCALA: GWM, 50, HIV negative. Offers uninhibited mutual pleasure in the comfort of your home. Hard and horny, have it the way you want it. Creative and fun group welcome. No relationship wanted. Write: **OCALACUTTA**

GEORGIA

(4/96) AFFECTIONATE, CUDDLY, PLAYFUL TEDDY BEAR: 48, 5'-10", 190#, with smiling blue eyes and brown hair, seeks loving soul mate, 20-55. Ken, P.O. Box 16374, Savannah, GA 31416.

(6/95) GEORGIA/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: GWM, 58, 6'-2", 170#, drink/drug free, nonsmoker. Let's exchange info and photo about ourselves. Write Ed, 215 Shirly Dr., Warner Robins, GA 31088.

ILLINOIS

(2/95) ILLINOIS: Am I the only lonely middle-aged GWM in this area? Professional, very discreet 53-year-old is looking for similar guy, 40-70, in East Central Illinois or West Centeral Indiana. Friendship, dining out, movies and videos, short trips, quiet times, cuddling, mutual J/O. I am smooth and skinny. Your build is not important. Kindness and a sense of humor are. No drugs or heavy drinking. Write: **SLIM**

(4/95) CHICAGOLAND AREA: GWM, 35, 6'-2", 198#. Enjoy travel, also nights at home. Social drinker, nonsmoker. Seeking mature men, 50+. Have strong passion for hairy, balding, masculine men like GUNTER and BENDIGO BULL in CR64. I have many interests, and I'm seeking friendship or possible long-term relationship. I'm loyal and trusting, so hope to hear from that special guy soon. Write: **B.B. RUE**

(2/95) ILLINOIS/INTERNATIONAL: Retired 62, 6'-1", 185#, bald, bearded, nonsmoker/drinker. Wide interests: travel, outdoors, hiking, biking, camping, nature, art, history, reading. Planning a 3 to 6 month economical camping trip in Australian Outback during the winter of '95. Looking for information and/or fellow traveler-companion. Safe sex. No drugs. Write: **TRAVEL'N PARSON**

INDIANA

(2/95) CENTRAL INDIANA: Mid-40s, heavy, seeking mature, masculine type for fun and possible relationship. Write: **CHERUB CHEEKS**

KANSAS

(4/95) ALMA: Professional, age 55, assertive Bear, looking for other professionals over 35 who have style. International interest preferred, as well as sexual. Your photo will get mine. Write: Joel Banner, Box 95, Alma, KS 66401-0095.

(2/95) NE KANSAS: Retired, 60s, 5'-10 1/2", 165#, 6-1/2" uncut, bald with close clip, French A/P, Greek P, seeks masculine top, 40s+. Photo. Write: **RUSS**

MASSACHUSETTS

(8/95) CHEST TO CHEST - CHEEK TO CHEEK: GWM, 45, 5'-11", 185#, moustache, healthy, hairy, balding, good body, good mind, wants to meet mature men for warm, long relationships. Let's share each other. Penpals from anywhere welcome. Photo appreciated. Write: Dick, P.O. Box 756, Reading, MA 01867-0405.

(2/95) MASSACHUSETTS/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 47, 6 ft., 210#, seeks slim GWM, 18-26, for monogamous lover to share home, love and life in western Massachusetts college town. Me: Honest, sensitive, caring, loving, distinguished looking, short white beard, educated, stable and secure. You: Slim, 18-26, honest, sensitive, caring, loving, no substance abuse, emotionally stable. Loving home is ready for that special person. Write with photo to: Jim, P.O. Box 705, Hadley, MA 01035.

MICHIGAN

(2/95) MICHIGAN/NATIONAL: GWM professional, 160#, 6 ft., moustached, living on beautiful farm with assortment of animals. I'm a young 50 y/o who enjoys home and farm life, playing the piano, gardening, cooking and canning, flannel sheets and reading in bed. Seeking a 35-50 lean, straight acting top who can secure employment in a small town. Smoker okay. I am. Looking for life partner, not son. I have a wonderful home, great job, good life. All that's missing is you. Reply with photo and phone. You won't be sorry. Write: **THUMB**

(6/95) MICHIGAN: Blond, blue-eyed, hairy and hung (7" cut), searching for a hairy, hung, older man, 40-65 (small pot belly a plus) for J/O sessions. Nude photo welcomed for my fantasies. Blondie, P.O. Box 36886, Grosse Pointe, MI 48236.

(2/95) SUBURBAN DETROIT: GWM, 45, 5'-8", 163#, nonsmoker, looking for GWM, 45-60, who's average looking, medium build with some body hair (a must!). I love being home (I'm fairly closeted), but I do enjoy the movies, theatre, golf, eating out and vacations. Write: **HOMEBODY**

(6/95) HUDSON: 59-year-old white male seeking 59+. I'm single, 5'-7", 190#, and live on a farm. Seek older white, lean men for fun and maybe more. Prefer white collar types. 5355 Dey Road, Hudson, MI 49247, or call (517) 448-8424.

MINNESOTA

(2/95) MINNESOTA/NATIONWIDE: GAM, 34, 5'-9", 180#, HIV negative, drug/smoke-free, romantic, educated, intelligent, loving, caring, financially and emotionally secure, good sense of humor, into reading, cooking, playing and composing classical and new age music, massage, tennis, sailing, movies, theater and concerts. Looking for CR friends, 60-76, drug/smoke-free, with similar interests. Clean-shaven and hairy is a plus but not essential. I would like to travel to visit you and reciprocate with like hospitality. Letter and photo to **IAN.**

MISSISSIPPI

(2/95) I WANT A LIVE-IN PARTNER who occasionally smokes a cigar, 40-65, French passive, and preferably uncut. Must like dogs. Pay nothing, only buy groceries for two. I'm a young 67, 5'-9", 159#, uncut, blue-eyed, grown-gray hair, crewcut, French active. Tom Horner, 212 Ballentine, Bay St. Louis, MS 39520 (near New Orleans).

MISSOURI

(10/95) ST. LOUIS: 46, 5'-11", 195#, HIV negative, brown eyes, black hair with white streaks, average size. Looking for an individual who is sincere, loving, caring, robust, passionate, cuddler, masculine, nonsmoker, over 55 with a hairy chest (an advantage), and willing to share the rest of our lives together. Photographs appreciated. Write to: **PHOTOMAN**

NEVADA

(2/95) LAS VEGAS/NATIONWIDE: Retired GWM, 67, 5'-8", 185#, HIV negative, looking for someone 30-65 (give or take a few years) to build a permanent monogamous relationship with. Seek a special person who is affectionate and loving. Willing to relocate for right person. See my photo in CR 62, page 4. If interested, respond with photo to: Teddy, 3601 E. Wyoming Ave. #23, Las Vegas, NV 89104-4933.

NEW MEXICO

(2/95) SOUTHWEST/NATIONWIDE: Searching for an intelligent, compatible, special younger individual with a lot of warmth and love to share with a 54-year-old, versatile GWM who is 5'-10", balding, 185#. This physically active professional enjoys a western, rural, nonsmoking, healthful lifestyle and desires a monogamous, shared existence with an individual who likes the high country, fishing, and other outdoor and domestic activities. Write: **EL PROFESSOR**

NEW JERSEY

(6/95) INTELLIGENT, LOYAL FRIEND: sincere, caring and affectionate. BiWM, 66, 5'-11", 165#; interests include cultural, scientific, spiritual, sexual. Me: Dignified, balding, fit, HIV negative. You: Mature (any age), enjoy intimacy, communication, control. Ken (201) 592-6690, 6-11:30 pm or weekends. Will return all calls.

NEW YORK

(10/95) NEW YORK/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: Seeking 45+ top man. Me: 45-year-old Italian, bottom, hairy, moustache, 180#, 5'-11", service-oriented, looking to please mature, masculine top man with hot (safe) sex and lots of affection.

Masculine, powerful, positive attitude more important than looks of stats. Your photo gets mine. Photos returned. Write: **DRONGO**

(6/95) LONG ISLAND: GWM 44 yrs, 5'7", 150#, bald/brown/green, clean-shaven, muscular, seeks hirsute, clean-cut, in-shape, endowed (like BRUNO), caring, sensitive guy. Reply with photo/phone: **MUSCLES**

(6/95) USED FRENCH SEAT, NYC, 68 YEARS OLD: Classic tongue-in-groove construction for thorough sitting satisfaction. Seasoned model fully services front and rear. Looks and endowment not important. Relaxed and naturally selfish, clean white male, any age over 50 appreciated. Write: **CHAIR-MAN**

(4/95) MANHATTAN/SO. WESTCHESTER: GWM, 55, 5'-10", 175#, blond/blue, seeks GWM only, Top, in-shape, well-endowed for fun, communicating and friendship. Photos and phone all answered. Write: **TOMAHAWK**

(6/95) LONG ISLAND: GWM, 45, 5'-2", 125#, brown hair, blue eyes, moustache, eyeglasses, handsome and masculine. Cigarette smoker, light drinker. French A/P, Greek A. Interests include antiques, music, PBS, dancing, swimming, long walks, quiet nights at home, warm and gentle loving and giving. Looking for an older lifemate, similar body type/interests. Photo please. RATMAN

NORTH CAROLINA

(2/95) RALEIGH AREA: Retired professional GWM, 74, 5'-7", blue/grey, 150#, 6" cut, HIV negative, liberal, discreet, lives alone, has gentle sense of humor and wide interests in arts, history, sciences, music, travel. Welcomes contacts with mature, independent GWM disposed toward correspondence, visits, occasional travel, and uncomplicated friendship with intimacy. **AXOLOTL** (See photos in CR 50, 60 and CRC#2, and stories by **KRB**, CR 48 and 54.)

(2/95) PIEDMONT—FUN FELLAS: GWM, retired professional, young and vital 69, 6 ft., 185#, brown/blue, into arts, food, travel, fun times, looking for secure, established GWM over 35. Write: **CAGE RATTLER**

OHIO

(2/95) ATTENTION ALL SLIM JIMS: Where are you? We have been looking for you. We are in our 60s, searching for new friends from 40s to 70s. GWMs 5'11", 175#; 6'2", 210#. Ohio, PA, Indiana areas. Photo appreciated. Write: **RED & GC**

OKLAHOMA

(2/95) NW OKLAHOMA/NATIONWIDE: Widower, 81, 6'-0", 205#, retired professional. Enjoy corresponding and meeting in person. Very affectionate, prominent nipples. Enjoy prolonged A/P oral foreplay. Admire hirsute bodies and foreskins of mature men. Excellent health. Hobbies are pop music, theater, flowers and zoo life. Active Christian. Photo and phone exchange. (405) 256-7284, or write: **SOONER**

OREGON

(2/95) EUGENE: Semi-retired GWM, 5'-8", 182#, 8" cut, very healthy (HIV negative), nice looking, clean-shaven, salt/pepper hair, masculine, nonsmoker or drugs, light drinker. Love nice cars, airplanes, sailboats, SEX, SEX, lots of it! Divorced for 12 years and loving every minute of it. It's my time now! If you love life as much as I do and are a 50+ gentleman with similar attributes, would love to hear from you. Small, distinguished-looking man a plus. Try it, you'll love it! Write to J.R., P.O. Box 5536, Eugene, OR 97405, or call (503) 344-6613.

REMEMBER THE POSTAGE RATE INCREASE!

PENNSYLVANIA

(6/95) COCHRANVILLE: Sentimental Asian from Far East Asia, 35, 5'-9", 145#, seeks romantic gentleman, 60+ for relationship. Interests: nature, cooking, cuddling, etc. Write: H.F., P.O. Box 91, Cochranville, PA 19330.

UTAH

(4/95) WESTERN STATES: 53, 6ft., 190#, athletic, great shape, hairy chest, masculine, friendly, professional, wide interests, HIV -, French A/P, J/O, seeks GWM, masculine, hairy, HIV-, safe, nice, average to large equipment, non-kinky. Age and looks not important—sincerity is. Stocky okay (not too heavy), facial hair a plus. Like erotic massage, hugging, etc. Monogamous relationship possible eventually. Write: **ORLANDO MAC**

VERMONT

(4/95) NORTHEAST/USA: GWM, 60, 5'-10", 200#, masculine, affectionate, healthy, French A/P, Greek A. Seek younger, 20-50, friend/lover who is masculine, caring, lean, and well hung. Black/Latin a plus. Can travel and relocate. Write: K.E., P.O. Box 742, Stowe, VT 05672.

VIRGINIA

(4/95) FALLS CHURCH: GWM, 83, 5'11", 184#, moustache, Van Dyke beard, long hair. Homebody, silent type, nondrinker, no drugs, nonsmoker. Love to cuddle, hug, kiss, touch. Photo appreciated. Write: **ZEJ**

(4/95) NEW MARKET: Clean-cut, masculine, white male, 40, 5'-10", 195#, seeks masculine white males, 40 or older for penpals, meetings, friendship. Send photo if possible. B. Mumaw, 8735 Smith Creek Road, New Market, VA 22844.

WASHINGTON

(8/95) SEATTLE AREA MAN SEEKS YOUNGER PARTNER who is masculine, honest, self-sufficient, mature and who wants a monogamous long-term relationship. I'm 58, 6'-1", 210#, bearded, hairy, aggressive, and affectionate. I'm self-employed; have diverse interests; and enjoy skiiing, hiking, sailing, travel, working out, friends and home. You be willing to follow at times but lead at others. Are you willing to make the commitment and effort to build a strong relationship? Can you relocate? Write Sam, P.O. Box 5132, Everett, WA 98206-5132, or call (206) 292-1096.

INTERNATIONAL

(Letters to coded advertisers will be returned to sender if postage is insufficient.)

(4/95) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA HIGH DESERT: Retired GWM, 71, 155#, 6 ft, blue, gray/brown and moustache, average, reserved, nonsmoker, HIV negative, wants to visit same in The Netherlands and Norway for two weeks. Will pay own expenses. Write with photo to: **MOJAVE**

(2/95) YOUNG THAI SEEKS MATURE CAUCASIAN: 33-year-old, 5'-5", 110#, boyish build, graduate of English college as engineer, seeks pen pals and friends for future visits. Strong preference for those over 60, grey haired or balding, bearded and hirsute. I speak and write English fluently. Write: **LOTUS**

(2/95) BELGIUM: Good-looking and easy-going Mediterranean M.D., French speaking, would like to perfect my English and have a passionate relationship with a virile, healthy and mature man over 50. I am 45, hairy-chested, clean-shaven, virile, sensual and loyal. I love sports, good food and travel. No drugs or alcohol. WELCOME TO BRUSSELS. Letter with photo and phone appreciated. Call 32-2-478 46 42, or write: **MIKE OF BELGIUM**

(2/95) VANCOUVER: 69, 6'-2", 185#, gray hair and moustache, sexually enthusiastic, would like to correspond with and eventually meet other mature, heavy-set guys. I enjoy travel, bridge and opera. Write: Hirondelle, #281, 1755 Robson St., Vancouver, V6G 3B7 CANADA.

(10/95) INTERNATIONAL: GWM 6'2", 225#, 52 yrs old, HIV neg, financially independent, living in U.S.A. as well as Europe, smoker, social drinker, would like to meet Ram-type 50+, husky, hairy, masculine, take charge gentleman who has a good sense of humor, who is able to spend two months at the time in Europe, tuxedo to him is the same as wearing blue jeans, experienced in the international straight and gay social life and if you have a twinkle in your eye, that will make it perfect. Please, if possible, send picture, which I will return, and letter to: **OSPREY**

(2/95) AUSTRALIA: GWM, 41, 5'-11", 200#, solid masculine build, blue eyes, romantic, intelligent, company director, loyal, sincere, and appreciates the finer things in life. Will visit U.S.A. in '95. Seeks GWM, 50-65, financially secure and seeking a monogamous life partner (pen pals also encouraged). Prefer men with short chubby build exceeding 220#, clean-shaven, gray and/or balding, passive, uncut, large balls, white underwear. Distinguished looking with a sense of humor and love of life. Photo exchange. Respond to: "Stephen," P.O. Box 212, Scarborough Beach 6019, Perth, Western Australia, AUSTRALIA.

(6/95) CANADA: Bright, sincere, cultured and professionally educated Chines male, 30, 5'-4", 150# (stocky type), seeks cultured and accomplished male, 55+, for friendship leading to a committed relationship. Willing to relocate for the right person. Write: **DANBY**

(2/95) AUSTRALIA: Retired adman (65, 6 ft., 160#) who enjoys traveling, seeks friendship and correspondence worldwide, with possible visits (either here or there). Write: **WALKABOUT**

(2/95) VANCOUVER: Handsome, masculine Canadian/Brazilian, 37, 5'-11", 175#, well hung, honest, extroverted, self-employed, seeking older (50+) man with gray hair like MR. DRIP. Write: **MATIELO**

(4/95) ENGLAND: 42, 5'-10", healthy and fit. I'd like to contact anyone in the 50s/60s range from Canada or the States. I enjoy the countryside, motorcycling, horses, and peaceful living. My partner and I live close to London. Write: L.H. Thorpe, 4 Stanhope Road, Croydon, England, CR0 5NS.

[IMPORTANT NOTE: Send unsolicited photos at your own risk. We recommend that you do not include photos in your initial correspondence to models or advertisers who do not ask for them. If you have sent ***solicited*** *photos to a model or advertiser and they are reluctant to return same, write them again and show copy to us at bottom. If you still don't receive your photos within a reasonable time, contact us and we will intervene. Notice to models and advertisers: we will not tolerate failure to return solicited photos when asked to do so. Responders: please make sure you fit an advertiser's guidelines before writing. The advertiser is under no obligation to answer responders who are not the type asked for. On the other hand, if you do fit the description and the advertiser ignores your letter, consider him a loser and write someone else.]*

ROOMMATES WANTED FOR '95 ORLANDO GATHERING

The following ads are for roommates for the upcoming gathering in Orlando. Please answer these ads as if they were coded ads.

North Carolina: 59, 250#, no sex necessary. Room reservations made and deposit paid. **FRODO**

Minnesota: Will be needing 3 others to share room. Prefer ages 25-35, nonsmokers. **ORLANDO 009**

Upper Midwest: 64, nonsmoker, wants roommate to share. Will be in Orlando 5/18 through 5/23/95. **RUDY**

Orange County, CA: WM, 50, 5'-10", 205#, brown/blue, nonsmoker. **ORLANDO 011**

Upstate New York: 62, 6', 160# and 57, 6', 200#, seek one or couple. Smokers okay. Will be in Twin Towers from 5/17 to 5/23. **ORLANDO 013**

Florida WM, 36, 5'-9", 160#, sexy, seeks Greek A, French P, 65+. Masculine only. Photo appreciated. **ORLANDO 014**

France. 48, 5'-5", 140#, nonsmoker, seeks over 75, nonsmoker. Prefer plump. **ORLANDO 015** (50 cent stamp)

Arizona. Will share room if it would help someone financially. Not shopping for sex. **ORLANDO 016**

No. California. GWM, 67, 6', 190#, nonsmoker, social drinker. Like playing bridge and travel. **ORLANDO 017**

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Michigan: 50, nonsmoker, seeks nonsmoker Write: **ORLANDO 024**

New Jersey: 38, Asian, 5'-6", 160#, seeks man over 60. Room reserved. Photo. Discreet a must. **ORLANDO 025**

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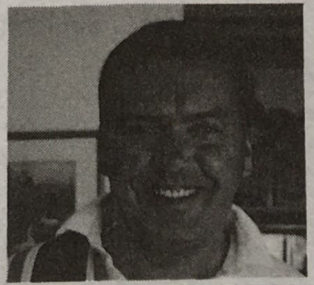

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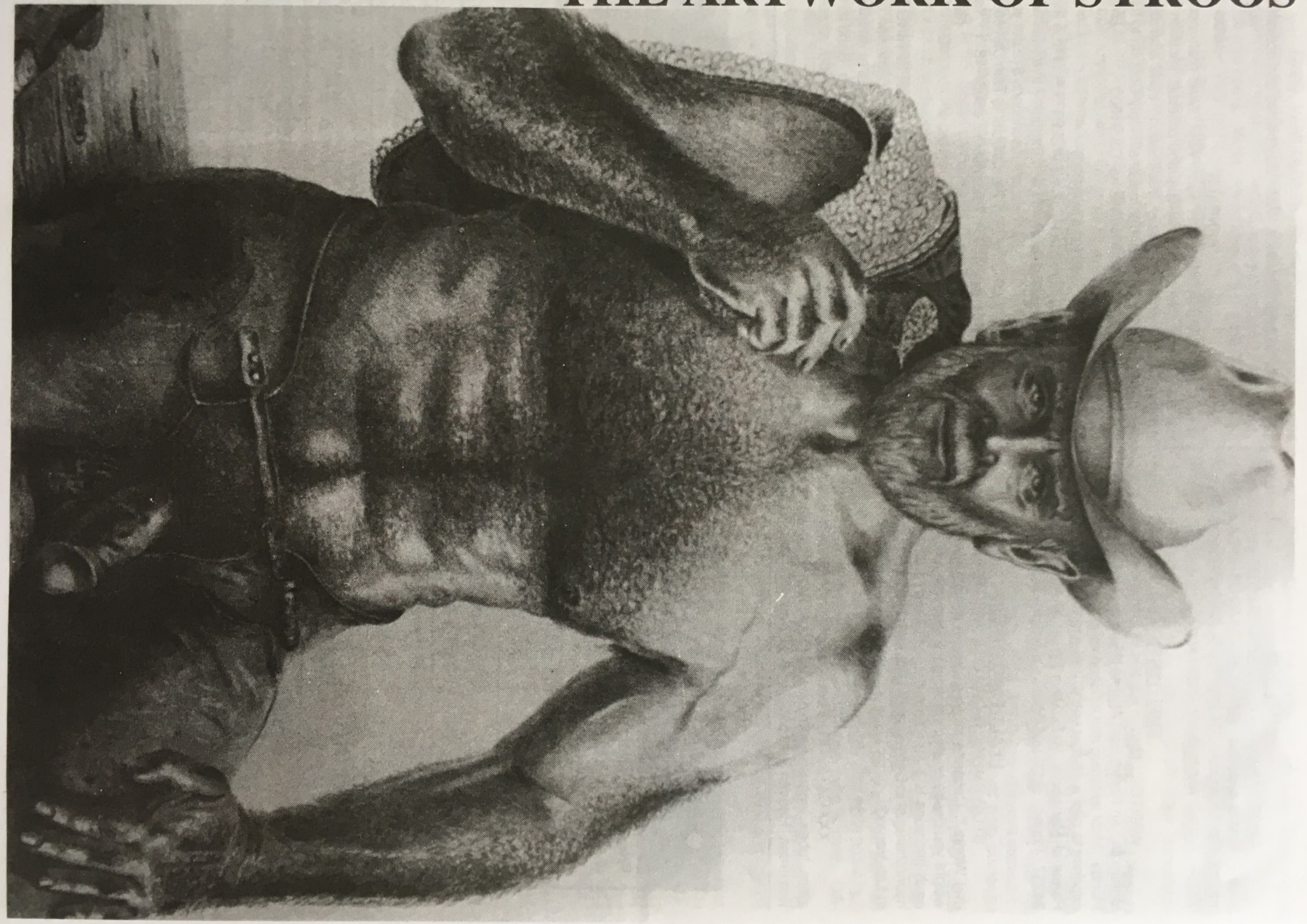

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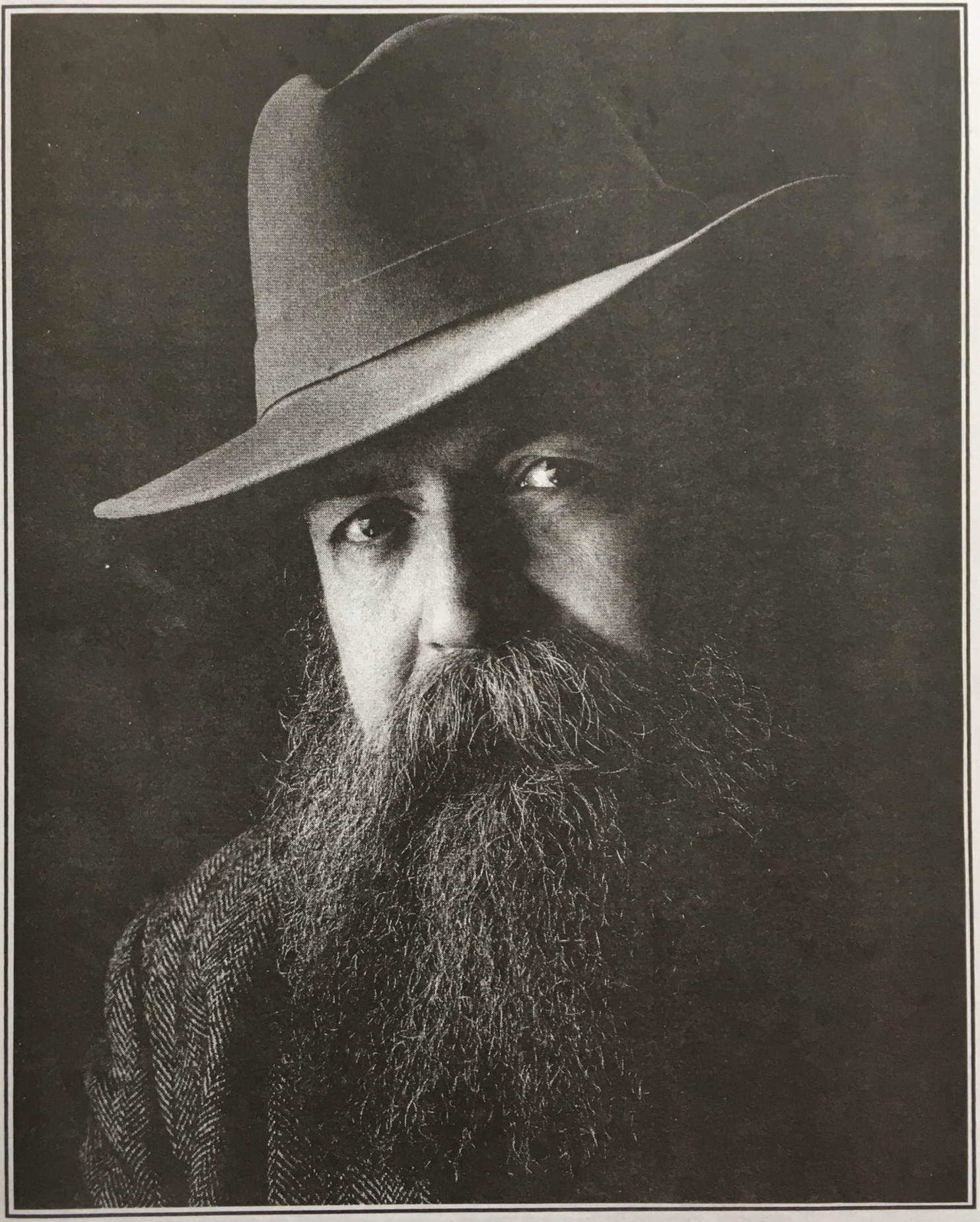

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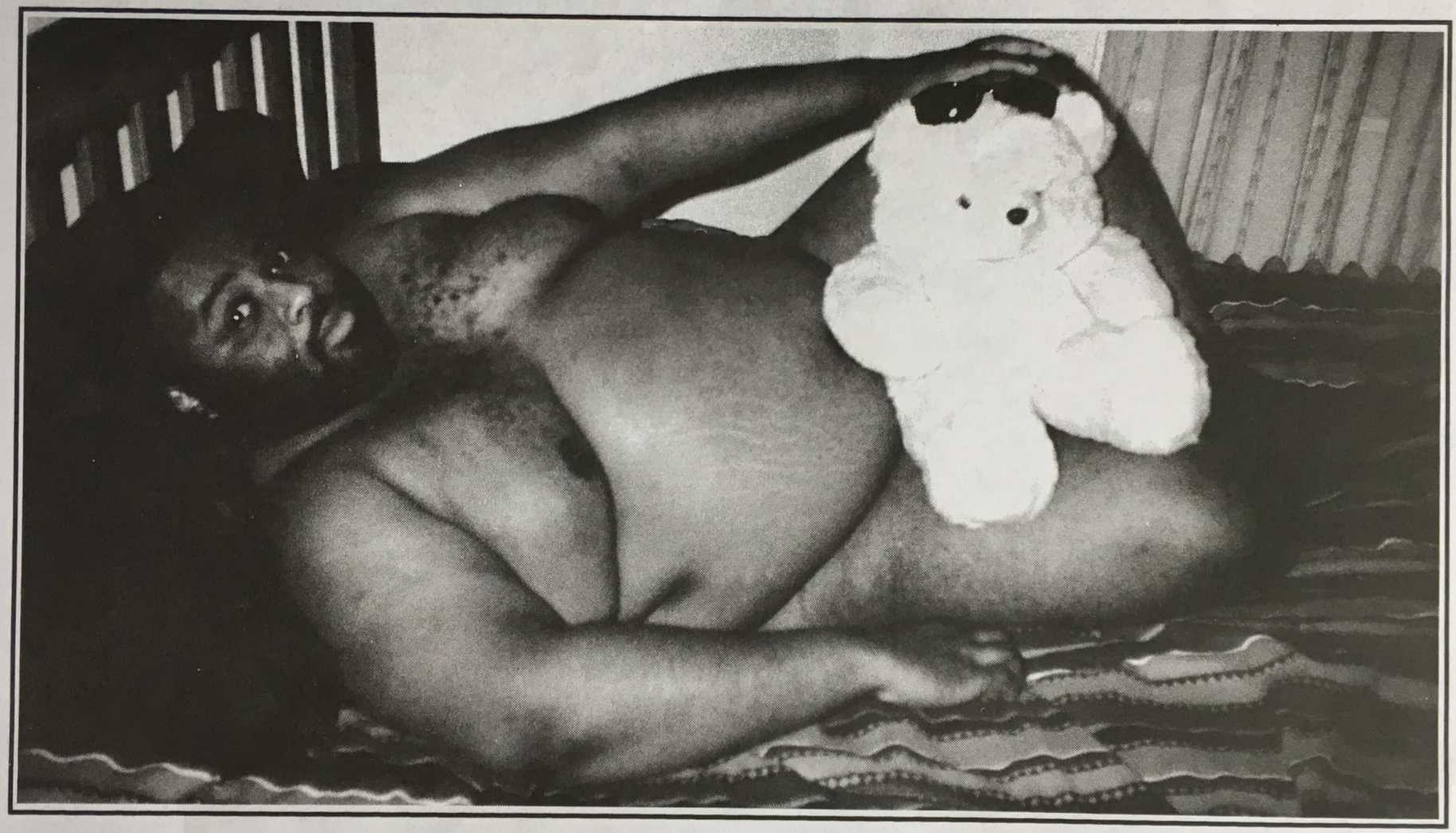

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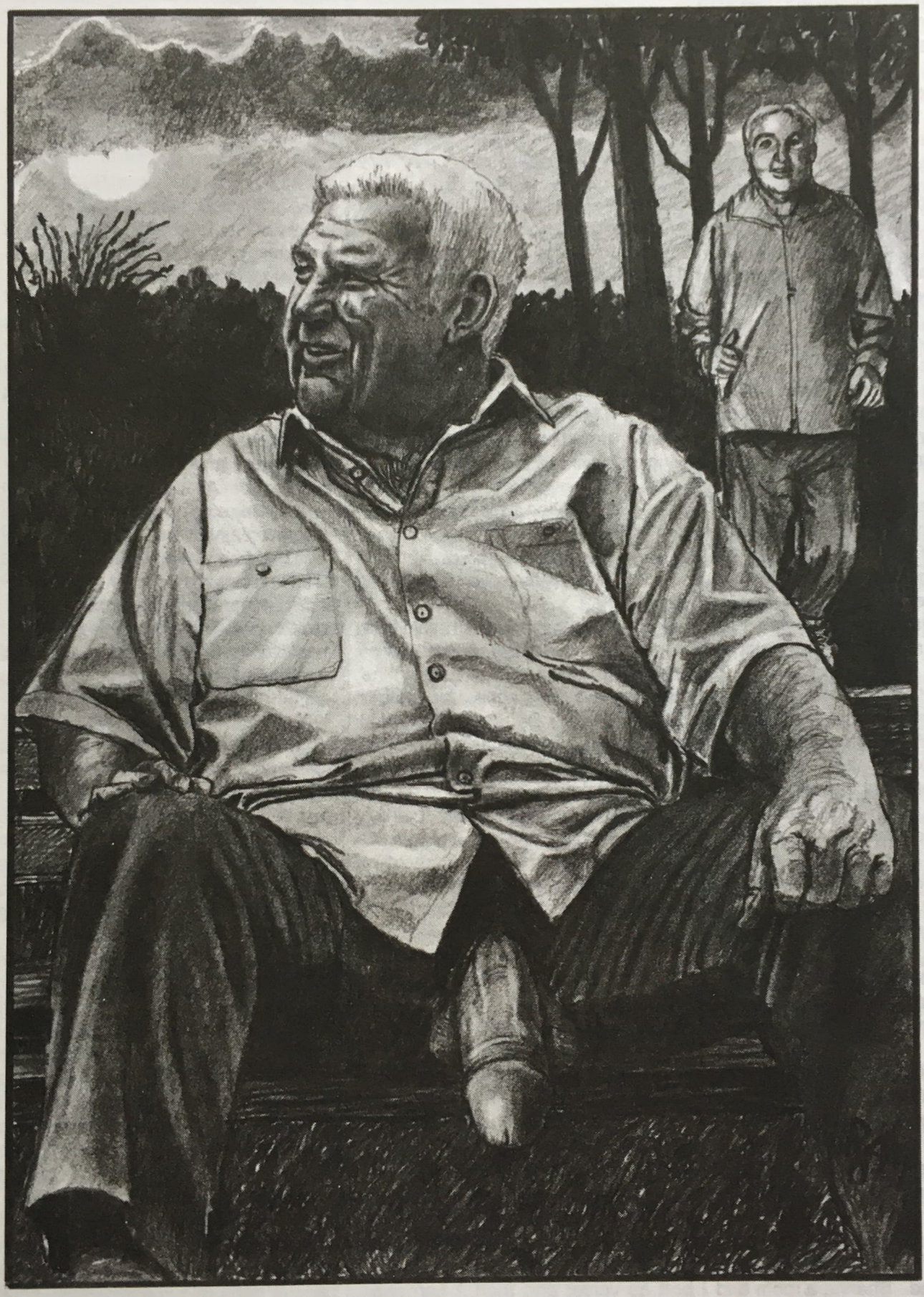


BUTCH LIKED TO GET TO THE PARK EARLY AND SET OUT BAIT TO CATCH A JOGGER.

I'VE CHANGED by Lee Holding

❑❑❑❑

Riverville prides itself on being a family town. If you live here you are expected to be married and have kids. That was never an option for me and I have spent my life as an outsider in my home town.

A week ago, I received a letter from an old friend. I hadn't heard from him in many years. Roger's letter heated up old memories that didn't need reheating—they were as warm and fresh as my morning cup of coffee.

Roger and I were in the same class in school but we moved in different circles. I was shy and the class "loner." Roger was handsome and athletic and easily the most popular boy in our class. The girls said he looked like a movie star. I thought so too.

By a turn of events during our first year of high school, we became roommates. Roger's parents had just divorced. He was devastated and wanted to get away from home. My folks felt sorry for him and invited him to stay with us for awhile. My bedroom was too small for the two of us, so Mom let us have the one-room "apartment" over our backyard garage.

Roger stayed with us the next four years.

I was glad to have a roommate, especially a school celebrity like Roger. I didn't dare hope we would become best friends. Being close to him and basking in his reflected glory was enough for me.

Looking back, it's hard to believe how naive I was at that age. All I knew about sex was what I heard from my classmates. There was a lot of talk about screwing but this was 1940—sex between boys was never mentioned and it was something I had never imagined. Sharing a room and bed with Roger seemed a perfectly normal thing to do.

I don't remember exactly when it began. I remember waking up in the middle of the night and feeling the bed shaking.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Nothing," said Roger. "Go back to sleep."

A few nights later, it happened again. I turned on the light. Roger was lying on his side, his back towards me.

"Roger, what are you doing?"

"I'm trying to jack off...if you don't mind."

"You shouldn't be doing that!"

"It helps me relax. Don't you ever do it?"

"Only sissies do it." I told him.

In those days, if a boy was effeminate he was called a sissy; the term "gay" wasn't to appear for another decade or so. But Roger certainly wasn't a sissy. He was my ideal of everything masculine and manly.

Of course, I wanted to be just like Roger so jacking off together became our nightly routine. At first, I felt uncomfortable doing it lying next to Roger. However, it was a way for me to strengthen the bond with my new friend.

Usually, it took only a few minutes but one night I had trouble finishing up. I kept whacking away but nothing happened.

"Hurry up," Roger demanded. "I want to get to sleep."

"I'm sorry, I just can't come."

"Oh hell," said Roger, "here, I'll do it for you." He grabbed my dick and pumped it rapidly. It felt terrific! I wanted him to go on and on.

For once, temptation overcame my shyness and I reached for Roger. My heart was pounding like crazy when I touched his dick. It felt as soft as velvet and then it hardened quickly. I grasped it and began matching him stroke for stroke. We shot off at the same moment and splattered all over each other.

After that night, we never flew solo again. We discarded our pajamas and figured out more exciting things to do. We discovered a whole new world of thrills the night we swiped a can of Crisco from Mom's kitchen.

For Roger, it was only fooling around and having fun, but I thought this must be the way it is in heaven.

Roger was my hero and I practically worshiped him, but my shyness kept me from telling him that I had fallen in love with him. I fantasized that some day he would say that he loved me. Of course, that didn't happen, and I had to settle for the special feeling our secret relationship gave me.

Four dreary years of high school passed much too slowly. A thousand exciting nights with Roger passed much too quickly. We graduated in 1944 and Roger was drafted into the Army. For several years he wrote to me now and then but he never got back to Riverville.

I stayed on in Riverville to work in my dad's company. I worked hard to prove that I was just like every other man. I think I convinced everyone—everyone but myself.

Riverville is a small, ultra-conservative mill town not unlike hundreds of other mill towns in the deep south. If there was another Roger within a hundred miles, I never found him. I was a loner again and too shy to search.

When Roger got out of the Army, he went to acting school in New York City on the G.I. Bill. With his good looks and personality, he was a natural. He got a role in a Broadway play

and after that, a job with a touring company. His picture was in Look Magazine when he married the daughter of a socially prominent family.

By then, I was married too—married to the company I inherited from my dad—but I never stopped dreaming of Roger. Gradually, my friends concluded that I was a confirmed bachelor, a hopeless misfit in a town like Riverville. None of them knew how truly hopeless I was.

Before I realized it, nearly thirty-five years had passed. My little company which had chugged along for so many years suddenly began to grow. We enlarged the factory and hired new people.

One new employee caught my attention. He was a kid named Dan who worked in the shipping department. He was bright and attractive and in some ways, he reminded me of Roger. When my warehouse manager retired, Dan was the best qualified man to replace him.

Within a year, I promoted Dan to purchasing manager, and a year later he became my general manager. I didn't promote him for any other reasons than his ability and performance. The thirty-six year difference in our ages kept our personal relationship on a formal and strictly professional basis.

Dan was an excellent executive. He brought in new technology and new product lines and profits began to soar. When he asked if he could buy a partnership interest in the company, I gladly agreed.

A few years later, we sold the company to a large conglomerate. It made both of us financially secure for life. I was sixty-two and ready to retire. However, Dan was only twenty-six and far too young for retirement. He had an idea for a new business we could get into. We studied it for a couple of months, but it didn't pan out. Finally, we gave up and decided to take a vacation.

We drove to Mexico and wandered all the way to Yucatan. It was a leisurely trip just the way I used to travel with my father. Dan was a marvelous travel companion and I found myself wishing that he was my son.

Our vacation stretched into weeks before we decided to end it. On the way home, we stopped for a night in Biloxi. We picked up a couple of beers and went out on a pier to watch the sunset. I was thinking how much I was going to miss Dan and I told him so, but he seemed lost in his own thoughts.

Finally, he said, "You know, it doesn't have to end like this."

"Are you thinking about a new business?"

"No, not that," he said, setting his beer down and moving close. "I'm thinking of us. About you and me."

I was totally unprepared when he clasped my shoulders and said, "I have to tell you this...I love you."

Surely, I thought, he meant he loves me like a father, and I gave him a fatherly hug. He wrapped his arms around me.

"Don't you understand what I'm saying? I'm in love with you!"

"You can't be serious!" I blurted, but then he kissed me. His kiss left no room for doubt.

By then I was trembling. Dan held me close and said he'd been trying for a long tome to tell me how he felt. Then he asked, "Do you have the same feeling for me?"

The only honest answer I could give was, "Yes, I do." We kissed again and there was no need for either of us to say anything else. With our arms around each other, we walked slowly to the motel. It was three days later when we checked out and drove back to Riverville.

Eventually, we bought a few acres of woodlands way out of town where we built a rustic log home. Since then, we've filled our days simply enjoying life with each other.

For the last five years, our life together has been perfect. We share everything—everything, with one exception: the time never seemed quite right to tell him about Roger and the memories I had cherished all these years.

Then I received the letter from Roger—the first in nearly thirty years. It was a very long letter recounting his life since he left Riverville. He'd had it all—glamour, adventure, success—but his marriage had been a bad mistake and had ended long ago.

"Now I have one goal in life," he wrote. "I want to recapture the love and joy we shared. I have a home in San Francisco. I know you'll love it as much as I do. We belong together. I need you. I want to spend the rest of my life with you."

It was what I had waited a lifetime to hear. There were so many things I wanted to tell him. For several days I anguished over my reply.

Finally I wrote: "For all these years, you were never out of my thoughts, not for a day, not hardly for an hour.

"I can't find the words to tell you how much I have always loved you and how I have longed to be with you again. I can't find the words to tell you how much it pains me to tell you that I can't take you up on your kind and generous offer.

"You see, for the last five years I've lived with a wonderful young man. In many ways, he reminds me of you. He's thirty-six years my junior, and I know it's hard to believe that we're very much in love. But it's true and I'm happier than I've ever been before."

I read and re-read my letter. The words came from my heart, yet it seemed a heartless way to deny a love and end a dream that had lasted a lifetime. I tore up my letter and wrote:

"Dear Roger, please try to understand. I've changed."

I mailed the letter today.

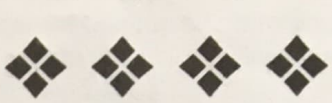
Maybe Roger will believe me.

LEE HOLDING, 68, lives in the backwoods of Alabama with his younger lifemate. The above story is autobiographical.

* * * * * *

MABEL'S SONG
by Roy Elmo

A Memoir



How many men, I wonder, still recall the great memory of Mabel Mercer and her song? What song? For me she might have had a repertory of one song only: "Once Upon A Time."

With it, she obviously reached almost everyone, and the words planted a sweet living memory for growth in the fullness of time, perfuming the sad aridity of age.

Luckily, the very first time I heard it (in a New York *bôite*) I was with a brand new lover. Mabel was not young then, but obviously the crowd came to hear that song, and the poignancy of her words struck my heart: ..."a boy with moonlight in his eyes...—this was my beloved ..."

The blond Adonis with whom I was drinking a strong Manhattan, gazed into my eyes and said he loved me so. A whispered repetition of the lyric which no one else was supposed to hear. In that club there were many tables with two men sitting together—something nice that only seemed to happen in New York and San Francisco. However, the same scene could be found in Dallas, New Orleans and Chicago. We emerged from the closets when Mabel sang. Her applause was heart-felt and richly deserved. Not everyone can create the kind of spell Mabel Mercer did overlooking the future.

The world, she sang, was "sweeter than we knew"—and I looked at lovely, loving Ted and felt that song had been written in anticipation of us alone. Have you known the specialness of such a feeling? Everyone should at some time feel the same reaction. "Our song." I suppose it must be the feminine side of me coming out. But it is such a nice feeling of being in touch with all romance, where gender is all male on male and otherwise immaterial.

There is not a lot to report. Ted was special with his golden thinning hair, his slender limbs, his neat and adequate sex drive, his neat and adequate sex equipment.

We had a lusty, extremely agreeable affair in my fifth floor walkup on Bedford in the Village. My windows looked over rooftops and chimney pots to the west side docks. We had no willow tree, but "counted all the stars and waited for the dawn..." And busied ourselves in pleasant ways for several months.

Ted worked, and sometimes modelled, for a photographer whose name escapes me. I was at NYU and part-time at Ida's bookstore on Grove Street around the corner. I met so many neat people at Ida's. Ted was one of them.

I'm sure you understand when I say Ida introduced us, and we shook hands warmly. We had a cup of coffee and Ida soon left, asking me to close at the regular time. Ted hung in, sipping coffee, making desultory conversation until he confessed his boss made him strip for a "shoot" that afternoon. He would be appearing in a gay magazine, he said, but was not sure he liked the idea.

"Wish I'd been a fly on the wall," I said.

"No big thing ..." he grinned.

"I still wish," I replied.

"You can see me anytime, Roy, with or without clothes."

I looked at my watch. "Wonder if I could close a half hour early?"

"Better not. Ida always has people coming in at the last minute to return books. They'll raise old Billy if you aren't here to take them. And they'll tattle tomorrow."

"Will you stay and help me lock up?"

He was perfectly right about people coming at the last minute. Finally, the shop cleared, and I could turn off the lights. Ted was standing close by, so I put my arm around his waist and his hand went immediately to my crotch.

Putting my mouth close to his ear, I asked, "Will you show me how you posed this afternoon? Are there really magazines that print nude photos of men?"

"So my boss says. I can't wait to see what he's going to send them."

"Neither can I," I said, and kissed him on the lips.

We went at once to my place, both of us trying to hide boners, laughing nervously till we got up all five flights. It was a sweet night to remember. "We were young and didn't have a care—where did it go?"

It was the following weekend Ted suggested we go hear Mabel Mercer. And after that night we had our song, to hum or sing while limpid glances and erections gave us all the excuse we needed for doing what came naturally.

"All the world was ours—how happy we were then..."

Spring, the fabulous rutting season, moved on to the dreadful humidity of a New York summer. Ted and I had not combined our households, since he still lived in a large family apartment around on Commerce. In New York fashion, I never actually met his parents or siblings, although a skinny girl with cornsilk hair often looked at me as if she were about to speak. I thought of her as "little sister," but we never exchanged more than glances and smiles.

One day Ted told me that he received his first "fan" letter after the nude photographs were published. Someone wanted to meet him. Should he go, he asked. Why not? was all the answer I gave, and hummed our song.

Perhaps the time was right for us to wind down.

"How we laughed—as if tomorrow wasn't there..."

I was still extremely fond of him, still loved that smooth, clean body

smelling of Johnson's baby powder. However, I had always been one for variety, and Ted had not changed that in the least. We'd made no commitment except to enjoy our once upon a time.

That we did for weeks on end. But finally he began to see less of me and more of new friends. I met new people also, found a new group to play with—bridge and other games. We had come full circle, both on the prowl.

There was no parting, no bitterness—a sweet memory to the end—but Mabel had already sung our little coda: "...once upon a time never comes again."

Romance has its bittersweet underside.

I saw and heard Mabel for the last time several years later on a TV program, a dignified little black lady getting on in years. She sat to do her song, our song, my song—speaking the words clearly, rhythmically, almost tunelessly. It seemed to me a giant had fallen and I knew real *tristesse*.

Strangely, I find today, when old affairs live to bloom in memory, there is no residue of acidity or sorrow.

"How happy we were then..."—and happy to find these lyrical recollections now.

Dear Ted—my once upon a time ...

Dear Mabel Mercer—what an artist with words...

ROY ELMO is a brilliant writer who lives very quietly in a small town in North Texas. Recently he had heart bypass surgery at Baylor Medical Center in Dallas and is now recuperating at home. To our great delight, his new lease on life has shaken him free from the depression that held him captive for so many years. This handsome senior has promised to join us in Orlando and has threatened to make up for a lot of lost time.

CHUCKY BEAR

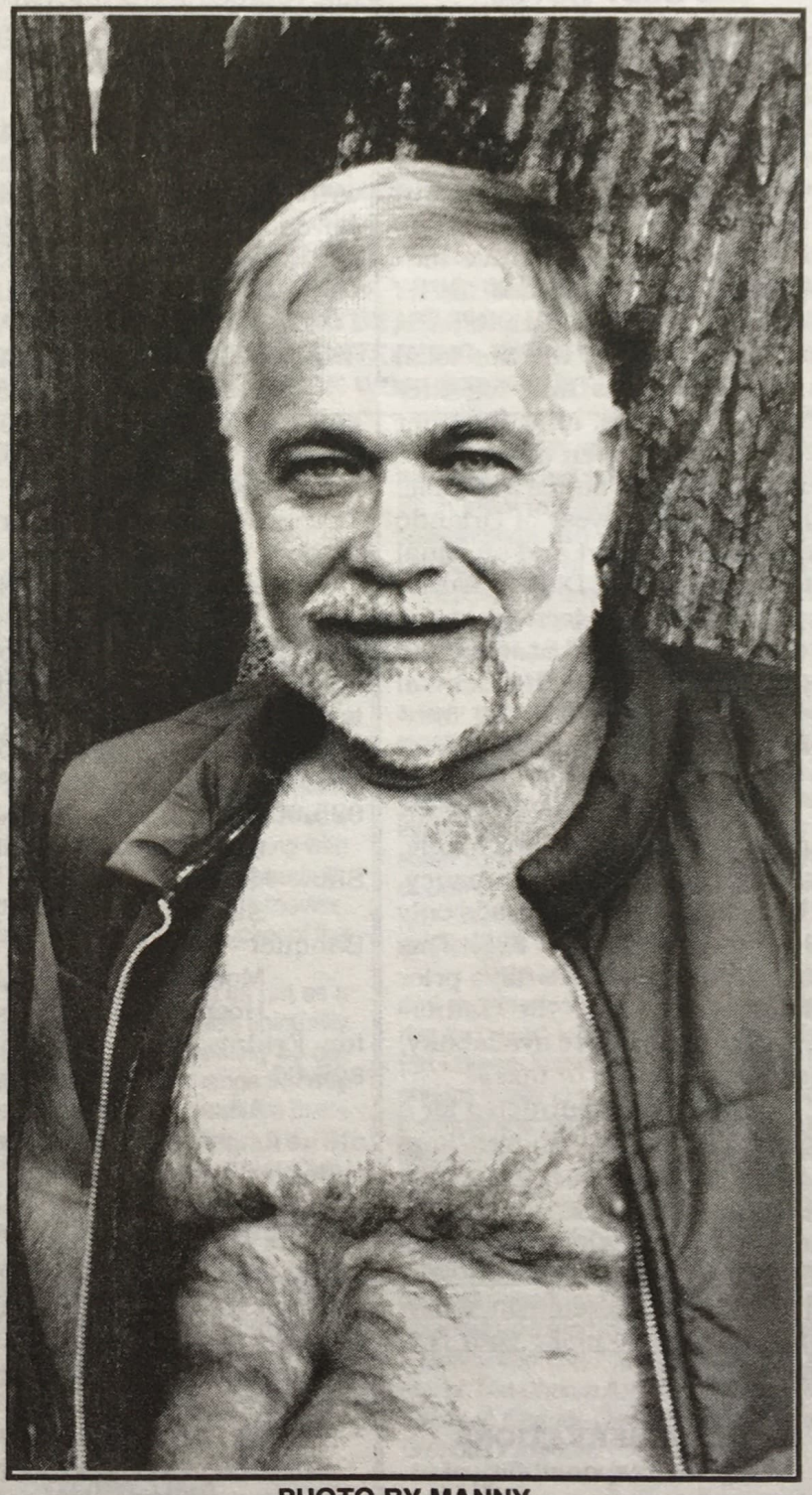


PHOTO BY MANNY

Y'ALL COME TO THE FIFTH ANNUAL CR SPRING GATHERING IN ORLANDO! MAY 19-22, 1995

THE HOST HOTEL

Is the Twin Towers at 5700 Major Boulevard in Orlando, site of the 1993 Gathering. Our guys fell in love with this beautiful hotel then, and the hotel has gone out of its way to get us back, beating out 12 other hotels from Baltimore to New Orleans in competitive bidding. The hotel is named for its landmark towers, which offer a panoramic view of all the local tourist attractions and together provide 760 rooms, all with either one king or two queen beds. There is also a variety of suites available. Only 15 minutes west of Orlando International Airport and an equal distance from Walt Disney World, the Twin Towers is located at the entrance to Universal Studios. All major attractions in the Central Florida area are within 30 minutes, and both of Florida's coasts are within 90 minutes.

The special rate for CR attendees is $76 per room, single, double, triple or quad occupancy. With four guys sharing, that's only $19 each—with two, only $38! This rate also applies three days prior and three days after the Gathering, based upon space availability. Rates are exclusive of taxes.

We've only contracted for a block of 500 rooms with overflows set up in three other local hotels, so first-come, first-served. Just remember, the Aladdin Hotel sold out of tower rooms almost overnight and the balance in a few short months. So make your reservations now!

HOTEL RESERVATIONS

Are the responsibility of attendees and may be made by calling the Twin Towers toll free number, (800) 327-2110, and identifying yourself as being part of the Chiron Rising group. Foreign: (407) 351-1000. A prepayment of one night's deposit (by check, money order or major credit card) is required and is fully refundable if a written cancellation notice is received by the hotel more than 48 hours prior to arrival time.

CONVENTION REGISTRATION FEE

Pay the hotel for your room. Pay CR for the functions. The following advance total package fee is per person:

Postmarked no later than 5/1/95 - $140.00

(subject to availability)

The following per person fees apply at the registration desk on May 19, 1995, provided space is available:

Total Package - $150.00

Friday Cocktail Party - $25.00

Saturday Cocktail/Dinner Show - $55.00

Sunday Cocktail Party/ Banquet - $55.00

Monday Breakfast - $25.00

Hospitality Area Pass (good for Friday through Sunday) - $25.00

Advance registration fees are no longer fully refundable. Cancellation charges through 3/31/95 will be $20 per person. No refunds are possible after 4/1/95. For cancellations due to illness or death in the immediate family, full refunds may be obtained with a statement from you M.D. or a copy of a death certificate.

FUNCTION REGISTRATION AND CONFIKMATION

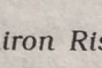
All fans of *Chiron Rising* Magazine and their friends are invited. You do not have to be a subscriber. Merely send us a note stating name(s), address(es) and telephone number(s) of registrant(s). Along with your note, enclose a check or money order for the proper amount. We will confirm your registration and send you a contract which legally protects you, CR and the hotel. After you complete, sign and return the contract, you can proceed with your travel arrangements. Upon receipt of the completed contract, we will make up your badge and registration packet. Note: If you would like to see the contract prior to registering, please request same and include it with your registration if you decide to come.

AIRLINE AND AUTO RENTAL DISCOUNTS

Special arrangements have been made with two major airlines and one major auto rental agency for offering CR Gathering delegates special discounted rates. Contact WORLDTEK TRAVEL at (800) 243-1723 and tell them you are a Chiron Rising Gathering '95 delegate. Overseas delegates please call (203) 772-0470. Fax: (203) 865-2034.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

If you already know enough about the gathering and want to attend, please proceed in accordance with the above. If you would like complete information relative to functions, schedules, how to get an assigned roommate, dress/behavior codes, and video camera restrictions, etc., please request same and we will send you a brochure.



LATE GATHERING '95 NEWS

Convention registration is now closing in on 800. The hotel has reported that our allotment of rooms has almost been filled, but that there are still rooms available. They're offering us the entire hotel, provided we fill it well in advance.

We're in the process of finalizing the workshop schedule and entertainment package, but we could still use a few more entertainment acts for the Saturday night talent show. Bay Area Top and Carl Lawrence will be preparing a brochure which will outline all the scheduled functions, complete with speakers, subjects, times, locations, menus, and a list of attractions, restaurants and bars outside the hotel.

Our speaker at the Sunday night banquet will be the distinguished author and radio personality, Patrick O'Connor.

For those of you who would like to attend a church service on Sunday afternoon inside the hotel, John McNeill will be conducting a non-denominational service.

If you would like to share your room at Gathering '95 with someone who cannot afford to pay for one, please contact us.

If you have a ride to Orlando and would like to attend the Gathering but cannot afford the registration fee and lodging costs, contact us. We have a limited number of donated registrations and rooms.

If you need or can provide a ride to Orlando from anywhere, please advise. We may be able to connect you with someone.

A few couples have expressed an interest in exchanging vows in a union ceremony, and we'd like to get a handle on how many guys would be interested in such an event. Please relay any interest to us.

DON'T PAY FOR REGULAR AIR FARE OR AUTO RENTAL RATES. BOOK YOUR TRAVEL ARRANGEMENTS THROUGH WORLDTEK (see previous page), AND SAVE. YOU'LL ALSO BE HELPING US EARN COMPLIMENTARY AIR FARE FOR OUR STAFF MEMBERS, WHO ARE ALL VOLUNTEERING THEIR TIME AND WOULD OTHERWISE HAVE TO PAY THEIR OWN TRAVEL EXPENSES. CHECK WORLDTEK OUT!

WHAT THEY'RE SAYING ABOUT
MOJAVE

"I'm not known as the gushing type, but this video knocks me out. From the opening credits to the final fade out, it is a brilliant work of art. There is no insipid dialog or endless loops of generic rock music. As a matter of fact, there is NO dialog ... just the most romantic male-on-male video I've ever seen. And the music! Marshal's music is utterly superb with its lush romantic harmony, deliciously erotic nuances and maddening rhythmic patterns. Of course, no video is worth seeing if the actors are duds. Cast that concern to the winds immediately. HERMAN THE GERMAN and the young superman, ZEEK, go at each other with a level of passion I've never seen in a video. I don't think these two men were acting. After about five minutes of rapturous foreplay, I don't think they were even aware of the camcorder. Quite simply, this video is awesome." EXOCET

"Oh how I've hungered for something like this: heart-pounding, riveting passion between a senior and a young man, both deliriously good-looking, both hung like stallions. They adore each other, and it comes through. How wonderful to see a video that can appeal to so many generations. All this, plus a magical musical score that is in perfect synch. Quite simply, I have been moved." XYLOPHANG

"First 'Quadraplex,' then a world-record broad jump to "Mojave." I shudder to think of what you'll create with your new Sony High Eight. Kudos to your editor and MARSHAL. Sheer brilliance." K.O./Los Angeles.

WHAT THEY'RE SAYING ABOUT
QUADRAPLEX

"In 1990 I bought a much-used copy of a copy of a copy of 'Triplex' from a guy for a hundred bucks, and it was worth it. Later, some asshole stole it. Words, therefore, cannot express the joy I feel receiving a crisp, first generation copy with the bonus of the world-famous 'T.V. Repairman' scene from 'Centaur Six'. Caliente! More! Please!" P.B./Ohio

"I'm not a prude, but I detest porno videos—that is, until I saw 'Quadraplex.'. When I wasn't playing with myself, I was laughing my fool head off. That Rob Dadeo should be in the movies. Syrinx gets my vote for 'Cocksucker of the Century.'" R.E./New York

"In addition to being as hot as a firecracker, 'Quadraplex' is also spiritually redeeming. How can something be obscene if it can completely change the way I see myself and rekindle a sex life that's been dormant for eleven years?" B.A./TX

"I purchased 'Triplex' and 'Centaur Six' years ago, but I made the mistake of wearing the tapes out by making copies for everyone who came by. Then, the ultimate insult. Someone swiped them. And now, 'Quadraplex'! The cult classic is revived. No one gets a copy of this puppy, and it's stored in a safe!" J.S./Austin

WHAT THEY'RE SAYING ABOUT
QUINCUNX

"Pat Colley's stories have a crisp, highly readable style. Best of all, he is a true romantic who creates a series of worlds in which love conquers all, good triumphs and evil simply cannot succeed. Each story in this collection is unique, spellbinding in its own special way." Marsh Cassady, author of *Love Theme With Variations, Perverted Proverbs, Alternate Casts, The Times of the Double Star, Light, and Mind Swap.*

"Pat Colley has a unique place in a very special world, a world he largely created and for which we owe him a great deal. His many fans, and I am one of them, will be thrilled that these astonishing stories are now collected in one handsome volume." Patrick O'Connor, author of *Don't Look Back, A Memoir; No Poem For Fritz;* and *The Prayers Of Man, An Anthology.*

"What a treat! A superbly written and well-crafted series of intriguing stories that won't let you go until you finish. Pat Colley's knowledge of mature gay life and his ability to write authentically about the lives and experiences of mature men indicate that these stories are based on his own rich human experience and keen observation. His characters are well-rounded, struggling with pain and self-doubt as well as their own interior battle between good and evil. His heroes are obviously involved in a search for genuine intimacy and love." John J. McNeill, author of *The Church And The Homosexual; Taking A Chance On God;* and *Freedom, Glorious Freedom.*

SEE NEXT PAGE FOR ORDERING INSTRUCTIONS.

ORDERING INSTRUCTIONS FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS, RENEWALS, BACK ISSUES, CLASSIFIED ADS, VIDEOS, BOOKS AND GATHERING REGISTRATIONS

USE THE ORDERING FORM FLIER ENCLOSED OR DROP US A NOTE AND TELL US WHAT YOU WANT FROM THE FOLLOWING LIST.

MAGAZINES

SUBSCRIPTIONS	U.S. FIRST CLASS CANADA/MEXICO AIR SURFACE OVERSEAS	AIR MAIL ELSEWHERE
8 ISSUES - six bimonthly issues of CR and two semiannual issues of CR CLASSICS.	$50.00	$66.00
6 ISSUES - six bimonthly issues of CR only.	38.00	50.00
4 ISSUES - three bimonthly issues of CR and one semiannual issue of CR CLASSICS.	26.00	35.00
3 ISSUES - three bimonthly issues of CR only.	20.00	26.00
CR - REGULAR BACK ISSUES		
#57, #58, #59, #60, #61, #62, #63, #64, #65	3.00 EA	6.00 EA
CR CLASSICS - SEMIANNUAL SPECIAL ISSUES		
#2 - SPRING/SUMMER 93	5.00 EA	7.00 EA
#3 - FALL/WINTER 93/94	5.00 EA	7.00 EA
#4 - SPRING/SUMMER 94	8.00 EA	10.00 EA
#5 - FALL/WINTER 94/95	8.00 EA	10.00 EA
CRONUS - ANNUAL ISSUE		
#1 - 1995 (AVAILABLE 3/1/95)	10.00 EA	12.00 EA

VIDEOS

	BASE PRICE, ALL LOCATIONS
QUADRAPLEX (VHS-NTSC)	49.95
QUADRAPLEX (VHS-PAL)	50.95
MOJAVE (VHS-NTSC)	59.95
MOJAVE (VHS-PAL)	60.95
Air Mail Postage Overseas	10.00 EA
Certified Mail To U.S. P.O. Boxes	7.00 EA
UPS and Priority Mail To Street Addresses	4.00 EA
Sales Tax for California Customers Only - 8.5% of Base Price	

(Note: VHS-NTSC is the system used in North America and Japan. VHS-PAL is used in Europe and Australia. VHS-SECAM is not available.)

NOTE: WE SHIP VIDEOS AND CRONUS MAGAZINE TO ESTABLISHED (OVER ONE YEAR) CUSTOMERS ONLY IN ARIZONA, ALABAMA, FLORIDA, GEORGIA, NORTH CAROLINA, TENNESSEE AND TEXAS. UPS ONLY. NO U.S. POSTAL SHIPMENTS TO THESE SOUTHERN STATES.

BOOKS

QUINCUNX

HARD BOUND	15.95
Shipping and Handling, North America	4.00 EA
Shipping and Handling, Central & South America	6.00 EA
Shipping and Handling, Europe	9.00 EA
Shipping and Handling, Africa, Middle East and Pacific Rim	12.00 EA
PERFECT BOUND (SOFT)	10.95
Shipping and Handling, North/Central/South America	4.00 EA
Shipping and Handling, Europe	6.00 EA
Shipping and Handling, Africa, Middle East and Pacific Rim	8.00EA
Sales Tax for California Customers Only - 8.5% of Base Price	

IMPORTANT: SIGN YOUR NAME ON YOUR ORDER AFTER STATING, "I CERTIFY THAT I AM OVER 18 YEARS OF AGE." SEND YOUR ORDER TO OUR ADDRESS AS NOTED BELOW. SORRY, NO COD OR CREDIT CARD ORDERS. ALLOW 3 TO 5 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY OF VIDEOS OR BOOKS. ALLOW 2 TO 4 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY OF MAGAZINES. WE ARE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR CONFISCATION BY FOREIGN CUSTOMS.

GATHERING REGISTRATION

All functions - Postmarked no later than 5/1/95	140.00
All functions - Badge purchased at registration desk on 5/19/95 (subject to availability)	150.00
The following individual functions, tickets purchased at registration (subject to availability):	
Friday, 5/19/95, Cocktail Party	25.00
Saturday, 5/20/95, Cocktail Party/Dinner Show	55.00
Sunday, 5/21/95, Cocktail Party/Banquet	55.00
Monday, 5/22/95, Breakfast Buffet	25.00
Hospitality Area Pass (good for Friday through Sunday)	25.00

CLASSIFIED ADS

NOTE: IN ORDER FOR AN AD TO APPEAR IN ISSUE #67(APRIL '95), IT MUST BE RECEIVED AT CR NO LATER THAN FEBRUARY 15, 1995.

Instructions are as follows:

1. On a sheet of paper, type or print your ad the way you want it to appear in CR, then figure your cost.
2. Multiply the number of words by 30 cents and multiply that times the number of issues in which you want the ad to appear.
3. If you are using a codeword *(An alias only you and we know. We receive your mail, decode and forward to you)*, you must multiply $5 by the number of issues in which you want the ad to appear and add to the total. If you do use a codeword, make sure it is unique. We will assign another name if your particular codeword has already been taken.
4. If you want to use your telephone number in the ad, you must include $5 for a one time verification and add that to the total as well (not applicable if you've placed an ad with your telephone number in the past year).

IMPORTANT:

YOU MUST USE YOUR REAL NAME, AN ALIAS OR INITIALS IF YOU USE A P.O. BOX. WE WILL NOT ALLOW THE USE OF "OCCUPANT" OR "BOX HOLDER". YOU MAY NOT PLACE AN AD FOR SOMEONE ELSE. WE RESERVE THE RIGHT TO ALTER, RE-WRITE OR REJECT ANY AD WE FEEL IS NOT IN THE BEST INTEREST OF THIS PUBLICATION. YOUR REAL NAME, ADDRESS AND SIGNATURE AT THE BOTTOM OF YOUR NOTE INDICATES THAT YOU AUTHORIZE THE PRINTING OF THE AD AND TAKE FULL RESPONSIBILITY FOR ANY INCIDENT OR RELATIONSHIP RESULTING THEREFROM. YOUR AD WILL NOT BE PUBLISHED WITHOUT THIS INFORMATION INCLUDED.

Carefully itemize your purchase and make sure your name and address are legible. Enclose check or money order in U.S. funds (money order only from overseas—no checks unless through U.S. banks), payable to CHIRON RISING. Send cash at your own risk; it should be mailed well-disguised via certified mail. Mail to CHIRON RISING PUBLICATIONS, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393. [4864Luna,Phelan]

IN CLOSING

Who was it that said, "Life's a bitch ... and then you die ..."? Maybe they were married to the person who said, "Life is just a bowl of cherries." For most of us, life is somewhere in between, especially if we live long enough. The stark reality is that there really aren't enough cherries to go around.

Disease, loneliness, violence, natural disaster, poverty—all of it sucks. But if we're strong enough to ride out the bad days and positive enough to believe that we're due a few good ones, then life can be pretty interesting.

Since I don't have to report on a death this time, I thought I would relate a few good things that have happened:

1. CR is growing, forcing us to move into larger facilities. That massive market we've struggled to reach is slowly opening up for us.

2. Popular model ZIPPER made it through surgery he was given little chance of surviving. He's back to being his wacky, outrageous self and promises to be in our next video.

3. Popular model KIM, after having struggled through a long drought of under- and unemployment in Atlanta, just landed a dream position here in Southern California and placed his career back on track. He and HAMBONE were made for each other.

4. And speaking of HAMBONE and KIM, they're spreading around their good fortune by helping others. Through their efforts, a young C-Riser with severe apnea was given a used C-PAP unit (a machine that forces air into the windpipe during sleep). He couldn't afford a sleep study, much less the cost of a new machine. The young man tells us that his energy level has gone up considerably, and he's stopped falling asleep during the day. He even awakens with a boner now—something that hasn't happened in years.

5. Continuing with HAMBONE and KIM, they've also introduced us to a very bright unemployed C-Riser who is computer literate and an expert in videography. He also sings like an angel and is one of the hottest 40-year-old bears we've ever seen. JIM JIMERSON has a degree in communications/ broadcast journalism and is doing post-graduate work in human resources. We know that some television network will probably take him away from us before we can lure him solidly into our corner, but we can dream.

6. A dear friend and C-Riser in Northern California is responding quite favorably to chemotherapy for throat cancer. They now think his tumor might be in remission. Luther (not his real name) is short, cuddly, shy, extraordinarily generous, and about as loving as a man can be. He's also quite positive about life and has the loving support of his devoted lifemate. He'll make it.

7. Beacon has just published John McNeill's third book, *Freedom, Glorious Freedom*, and John will soon be off on the book signing and talk show circuits. The week before the Orlando bash, he and Charlie will be in Italy in connection with the Italian printing of John's second book, *Taking A Chance On God*. John will give a major presentation in Rome and has sent an invitation to *Il Papa*.

8. PAPA BEAR and BABY BEAR are having an easier go of it lately. Those of you who read PAPA's moving "Unsolicited Testimonial" in CR #65 now know what they were up against. One thing he didn't mention in the article was the fact that John McNeill presided over an exchange of vows during a private ceremony in our suite during the Las Vegas Gathering. There wasn't a dry eye in the room after it was over. Will PAPA BEAR and BABY BEAR be at the Orlando Gathering? Does a bear eat honey?

9. Big Daddy Bruce, my better half, had orthoscopic surgery on his left knee back in December. After the surgeon was inside the knee, he found that in addition to a cyst and some torn ligaments, Bruce had a hairline fracture at the top of the tibia bone, which necessitated about six weeks on crutches for it to heal properly. Of course, he was grouchy as hell after about three weeks, and I had to devote half my time to doing what he normally does, but we got through it, thanks to the efforts of Gene Wagner, Gary Blowers and Jim Jimerson.

10. In the midst of all the bad things that went wrong during the past few months, we forgot to tell you about our impulsive August trip to Rio de Janeiro to visit C-Risers, SALTY DOG and STEEL WOOL. I awakened one morning and said, "That's it! We're getting out of the country for a week!" Three days later, thanks to some connections at the Brazilian Consulate, we were in Brazil. SALTY (a retired American naval officer) and STEEL (his delightful Brazilian lifemate) showed us a great time on both sides of Guanabara Bay. After the must-see tours of Sugar Loaf, Copacabana and Corcovado, our hosts were pleasantly surprised to hear that we also wanted to experience Brazilian culture outside the tourist areas and eat as much awesome Brazilian cuisine as humanly possible (okay, so I bought a topaz ring too). We had a wonderful time, thanks to our remarkable hosts, and I was able to write about 40 pages of notes for an upcoming novel. Memories of Brazil still haunt me: eating spicy-hot Bahian seafood at a crowded lunch counter in Rio; falling in love with the voice of Simone, Brazil's answer to k.d. lang; trying to make out with (through an interpreter) the fireplug in white jeans who sold me a CD of Villa Lobos' *Uirapuru*; and discovering that the best exercise for me is step aerobics to samba music.

And there you have it: 10 positive things. Actually, now that I'm in a great frame of mind, I could probably think of 10 more.

Have a great 1995!

Pat and Bruce

MAINE MAN & DE JUDGE

photo by PHOTOMAN

J.R.
MARSHAL